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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SPEECH OF ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,

At the Disunion Convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 28th, 1857.

Reported for The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

THE audience this morning are mostly Abolitionists, and to them I wish to speak of the exigencies and responsibilities of the present hour. First, as to the postponement of the Convention that we have come to this city to attend. I regret that postponement. I regret deeply that those who have served the cause as Wendell Phillips and Mr. Garrison have done should not be here; yet we must not allow ourselves to be deterred from prompt and decisive action on account of the absence of one or two Abolitionists, however able and eloquent and devoted. I remember being forcibly impressed, some years ago, by a remark of Mr. Phillips, which is again brought to my mind to-day. A Woman's Rights Convention had been announced. Mr. Phillips was expected to attend it. We learned, however, that he could not do so, and were disheartened and discouraged; for we thought we could not hold the Convention without him. But it was too late to put it off; the Convention was held, and proved to be a more successful one than we ever hoped to make it. Nobody seemed to miss Wendell Phillips. In speaking of the matter afterward, Mr. Phillips said to me, "Abby, both you and I can die and the cause of reform will not miss us." So we should all feel. In the prosecution of this glorious enterprise our reliance should be in divine principle — our trust in truth, and not in individuals. This idea, that the absence of one individual should mar the work of reform, shows that we are far too much given to shifting responsibilities from our own shoulders upon those of others. We must be brought to feel that this work is ours. If we felt this, then our work would go on. The Abolitionists have long spoken of man-worship and condemned it. We have found fault with the people of this country for putting out their thinking, as they do their washing, to be done by others. We have inculcated the idea that every individual should feel that he, and he alone, is responsible for his own thought and action. Let us all try to be taught by the lesson which this occasion affords, what we have so long laboured to impart to others, that we are to do our own work for ourselves. If those who have stood foremost in our ranks were removed from us—if *The Liberator* were led away captive, if THE STANDARD should go down, and *The Bugle* cease its notes for freedom—none the less should we feel our responsibility; all the more would each of us be bound to perform his individual duty, in spreading the cry of "No Union with Slaveholders." When we are thus prepared to do our duty, then will our cause move forward with a power and speed that none of us understand. If I could but impress this great necessity upon all, I am sure our cause would never more suffer from scarcity of labourers, and we should succeed. For in a cause like ours, one who is faithful to his duty can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. This is no figure of speech, but a practical and eternal truth. And why is it a truth? Not because the Bible declares it, but because THE RIGHT is the truest philosophy, the best policy, and the highest expediency. It finds a response in every soul; it reaches every conscience. Hence he who engages in its service finds a faithful ally in every bosom; and thus aided, verily "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

The great pecuniary distress that afflicts the country is mentioned as a reason why the Northern Convention should be put off. I believe this is a reason why it should *not* be put off. I thank God for that revulsion. True, it may prevent my raising the ten thousand dollars I should otherwise have obtained to carry forward our contemplated anti-slavery operations. But it has brought the people into a condition in which half that amount of means will enable us to do more effective labour than all of it would have done in a time of prosperity and plenty. "Man always prosperous would be giddy and insolent." Men worship at the altar of Mammon, and I am thankful even for sick-bed repentance, if it gives us the means of reaching the sick man's conscience. I rejoice that this shrine of Mammon, at which the nation worships, is being broken down. I believe that when physical prosperity is at an end amongst us, moral prosperity will begin; for it is true of nations that, when prosperous, they wrap about them the mantle of guilt. Prosperous nations revel in dissipation and sink into imbecility and slavery.

Though I have been advised to look the difficulties in the face before attempting to go forward with the operations planned earlier in the season, yet I will go on; for now is the time to redeem those who have bowed so long to the money god from their idolatry, and raise their hearts to that God whose attribute is justice and whose name is Liberty. I *have* looked the difficulties in the face. We will not be deterred by the present circumstances, but will avail ourselves of them and make them aid us. No possible circumstances could furnish a reason for abating our anti-slavery labours; or if this could be, the present is not the time to falter; let us rest, if we must, when the land is drunk with political excitement and commercial prosperity, and not, as now, when the better feelings of the people are within our reach. Little can be done for any reform in a time of great prosperity.

I am glad that two of our agents are to go into the neighbourhood of the City of New York, where the financial pressure is most severe; for I believe that now they will get a hearing. The very reasons, then, which our friends urge for abating our lecturing operations are the reasons why I would continue and, if possible, increase them, just as the reason they urge for postponing this Convention is the reason why I would have it held.

I hope we will all lay ourselves anew upon the altar. I hope no drop of water will be thrown to cool the zeal of any. I do not wish to act without judgment; I think I do not so act. I believe that the best interests of the slave, the country and the world require that we should profit by the present opportunity for labour. Our recent labours in Ohio have been successful beyond those of any former time. The earnestness with which people hear the truth and ask for light has never been greater than now. And the interest felt and manifested, all over the North, in this Northern Convention is evidence of the fact. True, we must not look now for much pecuniary aid from the people at large. We must be prepared to make sacrifices. The longer a reform—contemplating an entire revolution—is prosecuted, and the nearer it approaches its consummation, the greater the sacrifices its friends are required to make. The American Revolution illustrates this. In 1776 our fathers had aid enough. All the people seemed willing to lay "life and fortune and sacred honour" upon the altar. Those engaged most zealously in carrying it on were men of the people; Sam Adams was not of the aristocracy, nor was John Hancock, though a man of wealth. The names of the "first families" of the day are forgotten. They were the conservatives and tories of their times—the men who worshipped at the King's chapel in Tremont street, in Boston—the men of property and standing. As the revolution progressed, the day darkened. The people became weary of the work they had so nobly begun. The few who bore the responsibility of the war had to toil unceasingly, and endure every hardship, and make every sacrifice. They were almost ready to give up again and again. The soldiery deserted constantly, and it required all the energy and influence and means of the few to "keep up the steam." They had to get up crisis after crisis and go about from town to town to recruit their constantly wasting army. Then, at last, came monetary distress. The wives and children of the soldiers, left alone and helpless, were reduced to the extremest distress, till thousands, who had espoused the cause of freedom at the first, cursed the revolution, and longed for the flesh-pots of prosperity which they had enjoyed previous to 1776. Such, I believe, will be found to be the history of all revolutions.

Ours is a revolution, not a reform. We contemplate the entire destruction of the present National Government and Union. And it is only by constant effort, all the more earnest and sacrificing as the glorious consummation approaches, that we can hope to succeed. *We must fire up the opposition*, and create such a spirit of resistance that our opponents will be pushed to extremes. The Republican party must be driven over to the enemy, as it will not take the true position. The battle must be fought face to face. This is the work we have to do—this the final issue to which we must come at last. Every year brings us nearer to the impending crisis. When it comes, we shall learn that the enemy was bold and insolent and proud because of his many successes, and that he will yield, ingloriously, before the manly and open opposition of those determined to sustain the cause of freedom.

And we alone can now carry on the work that is to end thus gloriously and triumphantly. Let us, therefore, at this Convention, act in unison and with determination, no matter though our number be small. We have no time to lose. The slave's cause is our cause also. Just so long as the black man is a slave, so long are our children on the auction-block at his side. Slavery must be overthrown, for it inevitably curses the country, and our children must become either its victims or its perpetrators. My prayer is that we may never, never consent to either—that we will save our children from the terrible doom of slavery, and the still more fearful calamity of becoming slaveholders.

WHAT CONSTITUTES THE VIOLATION OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW?

AT the opening of the United States District Court, in Cincinnati, on the 21st ult., Judge Leavitt informed the Grand Jury that a complaint, founded upon the seventh section of the fugitive slave act, would be submitted to them for investigation, and he proceeded to instruct them in their duties. He ruled that in order to constitute the first offence under the statute, a person must "knowingly and willingly" have hindered those authorized to make the arrest of a fugitive slave. It would not be necessary to prove a positive knowledge of the fact that the party arrested was a slave, for circumstances may justify the presumption of that knowledge.

"As to what constitutes obstruction in the arrest of a fugitive, I will only say that it is calculated and intended to prevent the arrest of the negro; and to remain merely passive, and not to interfere in the arrest, does not constitute guilt, unless there has been an express command or requisition requiring him to assist in the arrest.

"The next offence designated is the rescue, or attempting the rescue of a fugitive lawfully in custody, or aiding and abetting and assisting such a rescue. Any direct act which is clearly designed to effect a rescue will bring the party within the clause which punishes the act of making a rescue, even if the act fails in its result, for the law embraces the act of attempting a rescue.

"The next offence is 'aiding and abetting a rescue,' when the parties charged are not principals in the transaction, and have no direct agency in effecting the rescue, but are in some way connected with the transaction, and have done something to encourage and assist, indirectly, in the rescue. Another offence is designated, which is 'harbouring and concealing' a fugitive so as to prevent discovery and arrest. But the offence of 'harbouring' is not committed unless the result is the actual prevention of the recapture of the fugitive. In regard to 'concealing,' it implies actual knowledge on the part of the person charged with the offence that the party was a fugitive slave, and that he concealed him from observation in such a way as to defeat the vigilance and intentions of the party seeking to make the arrest.

"In speaking of this, I will remark again that there must have been a knowledge that the person escaping was a fugitive slave, and *that* knowledge may be a *positive knowledge*, or deduced from the circumstances of the case. It has been decided, in this and other courts, that, under this law and the old law of 1793, the offence of harbouring and concealing and assisting in the escape of a negro was not consummated by merely ministering to his wants and giving to him that charity and assistance which might unite for his comfort and necessities."

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

From Zion's Herald.

THOUGHTS FOR BORDER METHODISTS.

MR. EDITOR: My mind has lately been strongly impressed with the expressed opinion of the London *Watchman*, that it might be a good thing for our Church to retain slaveholders in her communion on a border slaveholding territory in order to make them the medium of conducting an anti-slavery influence into slaveholding regions. We were startled by so decided a taking sides on *our great question* by our London contemporary, and especially at its taking, even tentatively, *that side*. The time was when American Methodism dreaded the anti-slavery monitions of British Methodism, and our General Conference treated them with marked insult. Have our accomplished delegates won our British brethren to a germinating pro-slaveryism? If so, you will have an additional reason, Mr. Editor, for desiring the right sort of men to be sent as delegates, lest we corrupt the inexperienced innocence of our friends across the water. But the whole matter impresses upon my mind the conviction that the anti-slavery struggle in America immensely surpasses, in earnestness, terror and danger, the Emancipation battle of England. Fearful as our struggle has thus far been, its terrible energy of elements and force have not even yet been appreciated. And what are now wanting are not temporizing, half measures and subdued lady words. Uncompromising action and unflinching language belong to the crisis. The first, second and third quality for the contest is boldness, boldness, boldness.

The question whether a slaveholding territory is desirable for our Church might be a question of moral expediency. And the reply, affirmative or negative, might depend on an alternative. It might depend upon which way the influence should run. Do we send a moral anti-slavery influence along that conductor into the pro-slavery section, or does that section roll an overwhelming pro-slavery influence upon us? Do we catch the Tartar, or does the Tartar catch us? It were unlucky for our missionary department if it convert us to Paganism. It is equally bad for our anti-slavery conductor if, instead of making the South anti-slavery, it make us more or less pro-slavery. Let us imagine a state of the case:

A Border section may be proud of exercising a sort of superintendency to suppress abolitionism. It may proudly boast of being the *Breakwater*; that is, the absolute arrester of all anti-slavery conduction south-ward. Thereby it may erect itself into a *bulwark* also, namely, for slavery immediately South. It thence becomes, as we may say, a sort of overseer for the great Slave Power, over its Northern plantation. And so far from being ashamed of this semi-servile office, it may be proud of its position, and put on its airs and crack its whip with true overseer éclat. True, it is in a servile condition in relation to its Southern lieges; but, like all middle men, it compensates for its humiliation beneath the gutta-percha of its Southern suzerains by reduplicating its insolence over its Northern serfs.

The Border ministry, in such a case, might be very peremptory in its style of mandate and of argument. Upon those immediately around them the law might be laid down, *the question of slavery must not be discussed.* That a question must not be discussed has, indeed, an air of despotism new in American history, and startling to the ears and heart of an American freeman. He has not been accustomed to be told he may not discuss what he pleases. Slavery alone dares set up this most insolent claim. The Bible may be discussed, the foundations of Christianity may be canvassed, the existence of God may be profoundly questioned, but slavery, American slavery, superior to the Bible, superior to the gospel, superior to Almighty God, must stand supreme above all questions! Yet ministers, high and low, we will suppose, assert this more than divine sanctity of slavery! It is their higher law. Nay, they are *proud* to assert it. The air with which they thus act the pander of the Slave Power is *magisterial* to a model. Charles Twelfth said he would "send his *boots* to govern Poland." These ministers are proud to be the "*boots*" of the chivalry, to govern their little section. And at no time do they so feel their own majesty or so magnify their own holy office, as when they are acting as the minority of the Great Unquestionable. By menaces and brow-beating, by exacting pledges of young candidates, by relegating all free spirits to some charge in a dense slaveholding, mob-ruled section, by harrassing *persecutions* of all who dare publish the truth to the world, these subservient overseers would strike a most salutary pro-slavery terror through entire sections of the North. Is such, Mr. *Watchman*, a desirable acquisition for an anti-slavery Church?

Again, this Border ministry may exert a similar pro-slavery influence, more or less effective, through the whole Church. It may come to the General Conference of the free Church, full indeed of anti-slavery professions, but with a face as resplendent as the sun for all Northern men pro-slavery inclined, and with visages dark as storm-clouds for all earnest, outspoken anti-slavery men. They are anti-slavery, "all true anti-slavery men"; but woe to the bold Northern anti-slavery man who gets into their power! They desire a "true anti-slavery Church," in which every man shall be knocked down who says a bold anti-slavery thing! Through the more distant North they are willing indeed that slavery should be discussed; but not in the pulpit, nor in the Conferences, nor in our religious newspapers, nor in our Monthlies, nor Quarterlies, nor in books, nor in our politics, nor by writing nor by speaking, nor in any other way, nor anywhere else. They are anti-slavery men, but they are ready to silence every anti-slavery word, and defeat every anti-slavery measure. Is this a desirable element in an anti-slavery Church?

Again, this Border power may very seriously affect an Episcopacy. We know not by what charm they can accomplish it; but it is an imaginable idea that a Border overseership can assimilate to its own image an entire episcopal bench. Time was in bonny England when it was said that "a Liberal promoted became a Conservative in office." A state of things is conceivable when the sure way to convert a man from abolitionism is to elect him bishop. We have heard of the cave of Trophonius, through which the man who passed was never seen again to smile. Anti-slavery fanciers have even now imagined that our Episcopacy can be a Trophonian cave, through which they have seen more than one once jovial Abolitionist pass—and they have never since been able to catch one smile from beneath his mitred brow. There is a possibility for the episcopal sunshine to be selective and beam only upon pro-slavery objects; while its dark, withering night side may shed damp and gloom over every anti-slavery point and personality. Episcopacy may utter speeches at our indignant Conferences which conservatism, that is, political conservatism, shall quote to the echo; may pass eulogies upon slaveholders scarce consistent with the tenor of our Discipline; may interpose at General Conferences constitutional objections just at the crisis of action; may never be heard to utter one anti-slavery *clausula*, until forced to speak in self-defence in a foreign land. Such a sympathy may exist between the Border overseership and an Episcopacy as that the latter may seem to become "OVERSEERS over the Church of God," in a sort of plantation sense. The Episcopacy we conceive to be an ornament, a crowning capital to the Church, giving it a majesty impressive upon the public mind; but sad is the case when it shall permanently cease to be the true representative as well as the crown of the Church. Not long would the Church in such a case rest without seeking some method of restoring the harmony between the body and the head.

The London *Watchman* has little conception of the cool, dictatorial assumption of a small slaveholding Regency in Church or State, or the eager zeal with which free-born men can hasten to be the implicit instruments of its will. It has no conception that a *slaveholding element* (said by its friends to be numerically less than one thousand persons) can expect to sit like a coachman upon his box and assume from its own little corner to rein in and curb down to the level of its own will and its own conscience the ministry and membership of a free Church claiming to be near a million; that it can see Conference after Conference join the ranks of freedom and issue anti-slavery manifestoes by large majorities and in the most determined tone; that it can know that a large majority of the whole Church have well determined to take the stand required by her high mission; and, seeing and knowing all this, that this infatuated little Regency of despots can expect still that ministers shall maintain its servile principles, that presiding elders shall be its lictors, and bishops its pro-consuls to deliver its mandates to obedient Conferences, and even our foreign delegates shall utter unflinching sophistries to defend their unfortunate suffrages. The *Watchman* is a Saxon and a freeman, and never could he have consented, in full conception of all these possibilities, to allow that slaveholding body room in the Church; no, not one hour.

Like a Saxon and a freeman our *Watchman* did imagine that here in America freemen would naturally take a sturdy stand for freedom; that Methodists would have a strong bias for the abolitionism of John Wesley; that ministers would have a great prochivity for holy right, and that bishops would be leaders for the Church to the high and holy position which God and man demand of her. How can our Border brethren verify this natural prepossession of the *Watchman* in their favour, and so become, according to its argument, the conductors of an anti-slavery influence into the slaveholding section? They can, we think,

1. Change their present position, from a certain leaning towards slavery to a certain leaning towards freedom. They can repudiate the doctrines of Dr. Smith and Leroy M. Lee, for those of John Wesley and Francis Asbury. They can repudiate the padlock of the Quigleys and Manships, and other supple tools of despotism; they can cease themselves to threaten periodicals who speak boldly with stoppage, and release our *Christian Advocate and Journal* from its neutralism. They can withhold sending farther fulminations by private letter to our New York Book Rooms; fulminations, we are happy to learn, becoming as hootless as they are servile to slavery and presumptuous towards freemen. They can abdicate all overseership and *give the Breakwater a superannuated relation.*

2. They can cease from attempting, by denunciation, by personal demeanour, by intrigue or by suffrage, the proscription of our leading anti-slavery men. They may cease from making this point a test of their approbation or their suffrage; they need not consider themselves bound to strike at all who are foremost to proclaim the doctrines of Wesley or desire to bring the Church to that position which Francis Asbury intended.

3. Let them withdraw all prosecution of men who publish to the world, for the judgment of the world, the facts of slavery. If their volumes be not correct, let them be by counter publications refuted. But let all inquisitors and back room committees cease.

4. In view of the *fixed fact that a change of the Discipline will be made*, they can prepare the minds of our people for it. By a thousand influential modes they can educate the people to freedom. Our Book Room tracts, John Wesley's Thoughts, may be distributed; conversational impressions may be made; our periodicals favourable to freedom may be circulated and sustained; Conference resolutions can be passed, and delegates favourable to right be sent to our General Conference by the quiet ballot. Let our pulpits and our Conferences speak, and the time will soon return when it shall again be said, "*Every Methodist is an enemy to slavery.*"

5. Let our venerated bishops be exempted from all further pro-slavery service; let them no longer be required to put motions denouncing abolitionism or threatening secession; let them not be obliged to inflict anti-abolition pledges, or deliver anti-agitation charges to our young candidates; let them no longer be expected to deliver undisciplinary eulogies to Northern Conferences upon the piety of slaveholding Methodists, or unconstitutional exhortations to the preachers to let abolitionism alone, under the covert assumption that to preach extirpationism is to "preach politics." This degradation of our episcopate to a propagandism of servility and exposure of its dignity to the just rebuke of our free Conferences, which has thus far been so patiently withheld, is proof that the pro-slavery spirit is cruel as the grave.

6. Let the "*agitation*" once projected by Bishop Asbury be revived. OLD Baltimore was an agitator; new or young Baltimore is a quietist. There is a blessed old document, which I hope, Mr. Editor, you will republish. It is dated "Baltimore, May 20th, 1800." It is "signed in behalf and by order of the General Conference," by Thomas Coke, Francis Asbury, Richard Whatcoat, as bishops, and by Ezekiel Cooper, Wm. M'Kendree and Jesse Lee, as a committee. It is a General Conference requisition that the Annual Conferences should draw up petitions in favour of emancipation to the State Legislatures; that committees to carry on the work be appointed; presiding elders, preachers, &c., should assist, and the work "*be continued from year to year till the desired end be fully accomplished.*" We read this document with "three shouts for Old Baltimore," with an emphasis long and strong on "Old." "No man after the *Old* straightway desireth the *New*." And whenever we hear her called "Mother of Conferences," we shall be sure to add, "and Mother of Agitations." "Hail, blessed Mother of Conferences, and mother of emancipation agitations!"

This blessed agitation, by petition, was to be "*continued from year to year until the desired end be fully accomplished.*" Methodists of Baltimore, "the desired end is" not "fully accomplished"; why is not the work "continued from year to year"? Certainly you can *petition*; you can do so "*from year to year.*" So did Wilberforce amid every obloquy make annual motions in Parliament against the slave trade until he triumphed. And so, Methodists of Maryland, can you petition until you triumph. Opposition, persecution, obloquy, no doubt you will meet; but can you not suffer for a high and holy cause? Is not the spirit of Christ a spirit of even *suffering* resistance to sin? And we anti-slavery men farther North have by our own precious example a right to ask you fearlessly to dare and to suffer. Few of us but have made our sacrifices; braved the blighting slander, the scornful reproach, the loss of emoluments and position, the cold episcopal shoulder, the insolence of power and the violence of the mob. We are conquering and shall conquer; and so can you, if Christian manliness be not wanting. And thou, venerable Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore, revered alike for virtues and for office, in the footsteps of thy episcopal ancestry, lead the way in this noble agitation. It is a right noble episcopal work; the voice of God and of man ordain thee to the mission; great would be the power of thy word and the influence of thy guidance. Crown a life of great services to the Church with a deed that shall make posterity signalize thy name, and the blessed Master above renew the lustre of thy heavenly diadem.

Finally, let out Border brethren remember that this is a question not of mere expediencies, but a question between RIGHT and WRONG. It is a vital part of the great contest on earth between *holiness* and *sin*, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil, between the Church and the world. For the Church, then, there is no alternative or room for parley. Jesus, the blessed Redeemer, has assigned us our side; and to abandon that is to become an apostate Church. Such a Church is not the Church of Jesus Christ, but the Church of Judas Iscariot. No Christian man can, before God, put his hand upon his heart and deny that the system of slavery is a system of positive actual, enacted and legalized sin. It enacts by law, ignorance, wrong, the disqualification of evidence, to secure impunity to sin and man-stealing. It secures by legitimate and responsible consequence the nullification of the marriage contract, slave-breeding for market, promiscuous concubinage and amalgamation, cruelty, barbarism, and tendency to infamy and ruin. The conscience of the world condemns it; the literature of the world abhors it; the honour of the world scorns it; the instincts of the race, which chime to the notes of freedom, denounce it; the verdict of history will sentence it and all its abbettors. The universal Church excommunicates it; the holy recollections of our Church disown it; the Church of universal Methodism thoughout the world *has just shut the door in the face of the apostate Church South*; and so will that Church remain excommunicate and repudiate, until by humiliation and repentance she purify herself from this great sin. He, then, who goes to the Church South goes out of communion with the moral world; he goes from Christendom into Slavedom; he who joins the communion of Apostacy—the Church of the Holy Auction Block.

If our Border Methodists can indeed appreciate these eternal truths, and these most solemn responsibilities, the ideal of the London *Watchman* may be blessedly realized. They will be ministers of freedom and not of slavery. Nobly will they then fulfil the arduous mission that God requires of them. Then will the grand project of Asbury be accomplished, in the rise of a great, free, pure, united American Methodist Episcopal Church. May God richly bless them, giving them abundantly of his Spirit to fulfil his holy will. MONITOR.

FUGITIVES IN CANADA.

From The Congregationalist.

ST. CATHARINES, C. W., Oct. 30, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I notice in the *Congregationalist* of the 23d inst. a statement to this effect:

"The *Cleveland Plaindealer* says the steamer Telegraph brings back from Canada, on every trip, families of negroes, who have formerly fled to the Provinces from the States. The Canadians have shown a disposition in their Parliament and in their every-day transactions to discourage the negro population coming to or remaining in the Provinces."

The most charitable thing I have to say of the above, and without fear of contradiction, is *that it is false.* The *Cleveland Plaindealer* is not warranted in making any such statement. There are doubtless rare instances of coloured families leaving Canada for the United States, and why should they not, if they can enjoy their freedom, and at the same time a milder climate? still we have good reasons to believe that for one of this class departing southward from Canada, there are twenty at least coming over from the States.

In coming over to this Province, they are generally dependent on others for the means of travelling. In going back they have of course to depend on their own resources, as there is no intimation that the steamer Telegraph is, daily or "on every trip," giving them free passages; so, if the statement be true, they must have prospered in Canada to have acquired the means of transportation in flocks to the States, these hard times, when so many are failing for the lack of means with which to pay their honest debts. At this point we have had the pleasure of receiving and relieving about 130 the present year, fresh from bondage, and have assisted some of them in getting farther into the interior of Canada, but we have aided none in going the other way.

The Canadian Parliament has taken no action whatever adverse to the interests of the coloured population. Some years ago a member from the Western District made himself odious in the eyes of Parliament and of the people, and incurred the merited frown of both, by attempting to bring forward a bill against the coloured inhabitants of Canada. In times of rebellion and political troubles in Canada in 1837 and 1838, they were highly valued for their loyalty to the country and government that protected them, and many of them were sentinelled along the frontiers of Canada, in positions of responsibility and peril, where comparatively few white men could be trusted. Times have changed, but generally they dwell in peace; and if not blessed with plenty, it is rather from lack of Anglo-Saxon-liké energy and providence than from any disposition on the part of Canadians to infringe upon them. They have prejudices to encounter from a minority of the Canadian people, but the bearing of the government towards them is honourable, and the laws of the land are just and equitable, knowing no man by the complexion of his skin.

Very respectfully yours, HIRAM WILSON.

ABOLITION OF RUSSIAN SERFDOM.

From The Tribune.

WE recently stated that Alexander II. of Russia is determined, in compliance with the beneficent genius of the age, to emancipate the serfs of his Empire so far as circumstances will allow. Alexander I. and Nicholas both cherished the same idea, but both recoiled from its realization. The iron will of Nicholas bent and yielded to what was considered by his advisers the impregnable difficulties of the scheme, or the menaces it presented to the nobility, the throne, and the peace of the nation. Russian imperialism has been defined as despotism tempered by assassination: how far a dread of the "good old rule" of quietly putting the sovereign out of the way when his measures were particularly distasteful to the nobility, may have restrained Nicholas in his emancipation project is of course unknown, but that his son and successor is not controlled by such fears is certain.

The unchangeable resolve as regards Emancipation is taken. Some considerable time since, a commission, presided over by the Grand Duke Constantine, was appointed to elaborate a suitable project. The labours of this body must be cautious and well pondered. The relations between the serfs and their masters are manifold and complicated, varying according to divers traditional customs, and the domestic and local exigencies of the different regions through which this gigantic Empire extends. Divergent interests—nay, more—hostilities are to be conciliated. The nobility possess not only the serfs, but likewise the soil. The problem to be solved is not only to restore human rights to the serfs, but to endow them at once with homesteads, which, of course, are to be cut out of the land owned hitherto exclusively by their masters. The latter are thus not only deprived of the capital represented by the serfs, but likewise of permanent labourers for the future working of the fields. To this loss, as we said, is to be added that of lands to be transformed into homesteads for the new freemen. It can be easily understood how the mass of the nobility might be apprehensive of their future condition. Undoubtedly, this revulsion in the internal husbandry of the Empire may occasion losses, though the appreciation of the value of land upon the manumission of serfs is inevitable. The ultimate results of emancipation will prove beneficial, socially and economically, to both nobility and peasantry; but at the start, and during the years of transition, the nobles will at least consider themselves the exclusive losers. Their whole agricultural system must undergo a moral and technical change.

The existing Commission receives proposals from all sides. The nobility submit their opinions, the majority admitting the necessity of emancipation, but differing infinitely as to the mode. One of the cardinal objections is that, the soil and climate of many northern counties being less susceptible of culture, the emancipated serfs might abandon those regions and settle in the more fertile provinces, for instance, in central and southern Russia, between the Dneiper, the Wolga, and the Don, forming an immense and rather thinly peopled area of wheat-lands of inexhaustible fertility. The Commission intend in most cases to abandon the settlement of the question to the interested parties, the serf and the master, on the principle of offer and demand. The homestead in Russia proper is to consist of between thirty-five and forty acres. The mode of compensation for the lost estate in labour and land is to be the subject of mutual arrangement. Where no such arrangement is possible by mutual understanding, a Board of Commissioners will mediate, as was done in Prussia, and settle definitively the amount and nature of compensation. This compensation is to be paid at once or by installments, at the will of the parties, not extending, however, over thirty years; and so long as the debt is not paid, the peasant shall not be allowed to abandon his homestead. Such is the general outline of the project devised, it is said, by the Commission, and which is to be submitted, with various other details, to the decision of the Emperor so soon as he reaches the capital on his return from his European tour.

Russia proper is alone affected by this measure. In Poland, forming the relics of the kingdom created by the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, the peasantry were emancipated at the beginning of this century by the Prussian dominion and subsequently by the Code Napoleon. But an immense majority of the emancipated then got no homesteads and do not now possess them, and thus depend on the pleasure of the land-owners. Alexander II. has decreed that the land-owners, mostly nobles, shall give homesteads to their tenants or labourers. This decree is already in operation. The parties are to come to a settlement by a mutual agreement, and if in the course of five years no such agreement should be made, then the Government will interfere and decide. For ten years to come, these new homesteads, acquired by the Polish peasantry, are not to be sold by the possessors or to change hands. This restriction on the free action of the peasantry has its origin in the peculiar condition of the population, and its working will prove beneficial. In the Duchy of Posen, a part of Poland under Prussian dominion since 1815, the peasantry received homesteads more than thirty years ago. But an immense majority of these small freeholds have passed into the hands of Germans, who are superior to the Poles in industry, culture, and the spirit of order. Thus, before the Poles had time to develope the qualities to enjoy their newly-acquired liberty, they lost their property or squandered it. In Poland, incorporated with Russia and conterminous with Prussia, the same peaceful change would easily take place. Thousands on thousands of Germans are already settled in Poland, and others will come thither, allured by the comparative cheapness of land. Moreover, the Jews, amounting in Poland proper to about 800,000, would likewise prove fatal to the hitherto uncultivated and rather disorderly Polish peasant. The ten years, therefore, fixed by the law, during which he is prevented from selling his property, ought to be considered as a tutelary disposition, giving him time to serve his apprenticeship to a new and higher social condition.

In thus bringing before the American public a knowledge of the social evolution about to be performed in Russia, we fulfil an eminent duty. We hail with joy every moral and social progressive aurora, even though dimly dawning, but inaugurating the emancipation of our brethren of whatever race or region. We entreat the attention of every one blindly upholding the Sham-Democratic and Slavery-Extensionist party to consider well the contrast which this Russian liberalism affords to American tyranny. He who does not feel ashamed that the colossal despotism of the world, as it is called, should be making a great stride toward emancipation as our Democratic Government, so styled, is departing from it, must incarnate in his proper person the essence of meanness, stupidity and party subserviency.

COLOURPHOBIA IN BOSTON.

MR. BARRY is an excellent theatrical manager, and knows, from long experience, just what the public taste and opinion of Boston demand, and governs himself accordingly; in testimony whereof I will adduce the circumstance that, instead of being taken in and deceived by the wordy declarations of the Boston folks concerning their belief in the equality of the African with the European race, he, the said Barry, advertises that a box in the third tier is set apart for the use of people of colour, and that they will not be permitted to sit in any other part of the house. Unless a tinge of black blood gives extraordinary acuteness to the senses, the coloured theatre-goers in Boston might as well sit in the Old South belfry as in the box provided for their accommodation, so far as hearing the play is concerned. But that is of no consequence. The white folks are protected from contamination, and the others must hear as well as they can. The manager of the Howard Athenæum also advertises in the papers that coloured people are admitted to the gallery of that institution only. Now it will not do to say that these managers are not posted up in Boston notions. Mr. Barry knows the people of that ilk (as the saying is) from knuckle to thumb. Nor is it sufficient to set up the fact that there are many people in Boston who don't make any special profession of belief in the aforesaid equality of the two races. I make the averment boldly, that if there were any large number of respectable people in the city of Boston who were earnestly convinced that the hue of the skin is of no more account in testing or determining a man's social position than the colour of the eyes or hair, Mr. Barry and Mr. Marsh would find it to their interest to omit from their bills and advertisements the N. B.'s which I have mentioned. Now, I am a Locofoco, and as such I am presumed to be in favour of rum, popery and slavery. Nevertheless, the truth is, I would prefer to sit by the side of a clean, well-behaved negro in a railroad car, or a theatre, than to occupy the next place to a white member of Congress who is in the habit of chewing tobacco everywhere, and spitting promiscuously. However, being, as I am, a Locofoco of the straightest sect, I feel bound to rejoice, and I do hereby, in due form, rejoice exceedingly at beholding the significant straw, which shows plainly the true drift of the current of public sentiment in the city of Sumner and Burlingame. When the public will approve, by their patronage and countenance, the conduct of the two principal theatres, in banishing coloured folks to parts of the house which used to be set apart for the accommodation of the frail sisterhood and their customers, there will be no serious opposition to enforcing the Fugitive Slave law. There may be a hubbub and pretence of excitement, but it will come to naught, as it did in the cases of Sims and Anthony Burns. Depend upon it, Boston is "sound on the goose." Her solid men will never permit the Union to be endangered on account of a miserable race of Pariahs, who in their best estate, are not fit to sit among a chance medley of all sorts of white folks in the pit of a theatre. Be pacified, O "dear Southern brethren," and let not your angry passions rise at the mere mention of the names of Massachusetts and her metropolitan city. Between your and their opinions of niggers and their rights (if the truth were only known) there is not such a wonderful difference that you have need to quarrel over it.—*Connecticut Correspondent of Tribune.*

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

From The Boston Watchman and Reflector.

CONSERVATIVE Christians at the North have indulged a large charity towards their Southern brethren. They have been unwilling to distrust their Christian character. They have cherished a strong faith in their integrity of principle, and conscientious purposes, and pure motives. Believing that the Southern Churches looked upon slavery as an evil, deeply rooted in their institutions, which cannot be rudely removed without damage to the whole social fabric, they have been willing to leave the solution of the difficult problem to the slow but sure progress of Christian reform. They have only asked that the evil be confined within its present limits, and that the virgin soil of our territories be kept free from the polluting curse.

It is true they have been startled at times by the utterance of strange sentiments at the South; by the declaration of eminent statesmen and divines that slavery is no evil, but a mutual blessing to master and slave, and the surest bulwark of republican institutions. They have found Southern Christians asserting the right to extend slave institutions into Kansas and Oregon. They have listened in vain for the voice of the Southern religious press in condemning brutal outrages on freedom of speech in the national capitol. But they have been assured that, while violent men took the lead in Church and State, the general tone of feeling in the Churches was sound and Christian.

But there are unmistakable signs in the religious horizon that the sentiments of Southern Christians have been misinterpreted, or are undergoing a singular revolution. In none of their religious bodies do we hear of movements looking towards ultimate emancipation. From no quarter do we hear lamentations over the evils incident to slavery. The tendencies are all in an opposite direction. Slavery is justified as a divine institution, ordained under the old economy, and in perfect harmony with the laws of Christianity. Slaves are said to be the happiest and most religious body of labourers in the world, and the slave trade is eulogized as a grand missionary movement organized by Divine Providence for the evangelization of Pagan Africa.

In the recent Convention of Southern Presbyterian Churches, at Richmond, the new tone of feeling was most obvious. They seceded from the New School Assembly because that Assembly reaffirmed sentiments in which Southern Churches had once cordially united. They met to deliberate on a future policy: whether it was expedient to organize a new body, or to unite with the General Assembly of the Old School. Several ministers and lay members warmly advocated the latter step, but it met with resolute opposition from the clerical leaders, *because that Assembly is not sound on the question of slavery.* It was eloquently asserted that the Old Assembly is too much of an *abolition body.* It only tolerates slavery, and does not believe in it as a divinely ordained institution, of perpetual authority and obligation. The opposition was successful, and on this ground; and the hope was expressed that the Southern Churches would gradually withdraw from that body, and unite with the new Synod, organized for the simple purpose of giving the sanction and support of Christianity to Southern slavery. Not one minister or layman admitted that slavery is a moral or social evil; all alike eulogized it as a blessed institution, for whose support and perpetuation Southern Christians should unite in the closest ties.

The resolute opposition of Southern Christians to the publication of any tracts or essays by the American Tract Society, on the evils incident to slavery, indicates the same change of feeling. The Board of Publication were extremely judicious and temperate. They determined to avoid all cause of offence. They sent a Circular to the Southern religious papers, indicating their purpose to adhere as rigidly as possible to their old policy of silence. They would not disturb tender consciences. They would publish no line which would grate on the most sensitive ear. No Northern divine should use their presses for the utterance of Christian admonition. They would only venture to publish a collection of essays and sermons from Southern divines, which had received the hearty approval of Southern Churches. They would thus obey the instructions of their Northern constituents to publish *something*, and still avoid all occasion of alarm and irritation at the South. But even this mild policy excited the ire of the Southern Churches, and from many quarters came back a strenuous protest, accompanied by threats of withdrawal from the Society. The timid Committee yielded to the violence of the storm; receded from their purpose to publish the views of Southern divines, and have concluded to disobey the spirit, if not the letter, of the instructions voted at the annual meeting of the Society.

It seems to us quite idle to

here is a Judge of the Common Pleas, acts in that capacity, is under his oath of office, and is responsible to his constituency for his official acts, and I should regret the necessity of taking any steps toward him.

Mr. Jolliffe—If a Judge violate the laws of the land, he should be the first person punished for doing so. The laws of the land have been outraged and the dignity of the State trampled on, and Judge Carter should be signally punished for that outrage; the fact that he is a Judge, so far from shielding him, goes only to aggravate the offence.

Mr. Elliot said that he had stated the facts of the proceeding in the Probate Court to Judge Carter, and showed him the transcript of the record, at which, however, the Judge merely glanced, and did not pay any attention to the statement that those who opposed the application of Mr. Withers denied the allegations in his petition.

Judge Burgoyne said that he had intimated that the first step should be to bring the negroes before the Court, but he had inferred from the remarks of Judge Hallem, of Kentucky, who appeared by courtesy for the master, that there would be no difficulty in the matter, but that the slaves would be forthcoming soon.

Mr. Peat stated, in defence of Judge Hallem, that when he made that statement, he was not aware of what was about to transpire in another Court.

Judge Burgoyne further stated that Judge Carter had said he should take *no further action in the matter* until the proceeding in the Probate Court was disposed of. Judge B. suggested the removal of the case entirely from Judge Carter, but the latter said little about that, but remarked, "Go on and try the case."

The matter was dropped after some further discussion of the same tenor as the above, and left for such future action as may be deemed proper.

The conduct of Judge Carter in the premises, besides being personally reprehensible, is calculated to raise some serious legal questions. We do not remember ever to have seen an instance where a writ of *habeas corpus* was used to take a person out of the legal custody of another court of competent jurisdiction, while proceedings affecting such person were actually pending. If this is the most effectual way of remanding persons into slavery, the noble purposes which originated this time-honoured writ have certainly come to be signally perverted. But aside from this, Judge Carter appears to have falsified his word to Judge Burgoyne, to have acted with undignified haste and secrecy, and to have violated a statute of Ohio, passed April 17, 1857, which expressly declares that persons brought to that State by any other person, "with intent to hold or control" them as slaves, "shall be deemed and held in all courts as absolutely free."—*Boston Journal.*

"U. G. R. R." IN IOWA.

Editors of The Independent: A writer in your paper suggests that if slavery is attempted to be forced upon the free settlers of Kansas, the *Underground* Railway will be the first railroad to be made there. It is well known that slaveholders have already entered Kansas with their slaves, but all may not be aware that the rails on the Underground Railway have been laid there for some months, and that we of western Iowa have had the pleasure of forwarding several trains from Kansas toward Victoria's regions.

An incident occurred last winter, on the road, which I wish could have been communicated by Mrs. Stowe's skilful pen. One day we heard the far-off whistle of a coming train, but, as the rails are newly laid, and there are no tried conductors, over the long, uninhabited prairie between us and the Kansas bondmen, and those of Missouri who choose to come on this route, you may suppose there is great danger of accidents and loss to the poor fugitive. Knowing this, days and nights were passed of anxious watching for the arrival of the passengers. At last we heard that, getting off the track through ignorance, they had been seized, and were about to be sent back on a return train of the Fugitive Bill. Some brave sons of Neptune, who had come out to fight for Freedom in Kansas, but, not being needed there, were spending the winter with us, immediately began to devise means for the rescue of the poor unfortunates. They left us at night, provided with food for something of a siege and other *necessaries*. On their return next day they reported, with sad countenances, that they had good reason to believe the cars had gone with the fugitives before their arrival at the supposed place of confinement. A few days after, during one of the most fearful snow-storms we ever witnessed, when Old Boreas must have come entirely out of his cave, and blown blast after blast of his strongest, iciest breath down upon us, a neighbour opened our door, and, with a glad face, all forgetful of the storm he had braved to reach us, told us the long-expected train had arrived. It seems that the negroes noticed, after being committed to jail, that their prison was made of logs, and the lower ones were decayed. One of them was soon attacked with a severe ague-chill, and obtained by this means a kettle of coals, with which they burned through the logs and then dug out, the jail being partly under ground. Unfortunately one of the passengers was missing, and it was feared he was perishing near us in the storm. They had come together within a few miles of us, when one stopped to make a fire and warm, and thus they were separated. Our noble sailors were again ready to rush to the rescue, though the storm, which had already raged a night and nearly two days, increased in violence. They sallied forth and searched till darkness warned them to return, but without success. One, in trying to come against the driving, blinding snow, lost his way, and, after groping about in the dark, found a deserted cabin, which he entered, and, pulling up the floor, attempted to make a fire on the earth to save himself from perishing. Having no matches, he tried to strike fire with his knife; but failing in that, he discharged his revolver into whatever dry combustibles he could obtain, but to no purpose, till he tore open his coat and took out some of the cotton wadding; that ignited, and he warmed and nodded as well as he could till morning, when he found his way home. We all greeted him with pleasure; but the thought that one had perished so near us, after struggling so hard for freedom, made every heart thrill with sadness. Still we had a faint hope he was safe; but as days passed, and there were no tidings, we felt almost assured that when the snow disappeared, we should find his body, from which the spirit was freed, in some hollow tree or bushy covert, where he had crept for shelter from the storm. It was not to be thus, however, for, more than a week after, upon returning from a ride, we were met by one of our domestics with the joyous intelligence that the poor fellow had that afternoon been discovered in a strip of timber near us, and was safe with friends. After being separated from his fellows, the storm had so blinded him that he had turned and gone backward some miles, when he at last entered a cabin, where he was well treated. He tarried there a few days, labouring for the family, but they, in a drunken frolic, revealed to him their design of again committing him to jail. He immediately fled, and, though pursued by an evil spirit in a female form, was providentially guided to our neighbourhood. In his haste to escape he had lost one shoe, and had come miles barefoot on the crusted snow, which broke in at every step. The next morning he was forwarded, warmly clothed and shod, to his company, who were waiting for him at one of our principal depôts, and they were soon on their way again. But the rumbling of the cars in which they were forwarded had scarcely died upon our ears before we heard the bloodhounds on the track. We suffered them to scent and search and yell all they chose, well knowing they were not keen enough to find their prey; and thus it proved.

FACING BOTH WAYS.

It has, of late, been a specially favourite policy of pro-slavery writers (particularly of those connected with the Church) to seek to unite conservatism with reform, and to use, in the same document, expressions of toleration or favour towards both. They deprecate agitation more than slavery, strife more than sin, and are so deeply solicitous for the *peace* of Zion that they let her purity go unregarded—for the present. By this very method, the government of the American Tract Society have just carried their point against those members of the Society who demanded a reform in its position in regard to slavery. This transaction is so instructive in its general bearing that I will rehearse its prominent features.

A certain proportion of the members of the Tract Society demanded that it should publish something against slavery. They continued this demand so pertinaciously, year after year, that the Society appointed a Committee to investigate and report upon the proper course to be pursued. This was a large Committee, of very able and sagacious men, *most of whom were quite satisfied with the old policy of the Society.*

If they had wished to comply with the request of the petitioners, this might have been done without five minutes deliberation, and in three lines, thus: "*Resolved, That this Society ought immediately to publish tracts against slaveholding and to circulate them until this great sin shall cease.*" Since they did not say this, nor anything like it, and since they were as well able as any men in the country to express exactly what they did mean and wish, I conclude that they did not mean or wish *that.*

They waited a long time, and then held a long series of sessions, went through long debates, and made a long Report. This Report was fully and heartily agreed to by South-side Adams and his pro-slavery colleagues on one side, and by Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson and his *quasi* anti-slavery associates on the other. What was the result? The Society has not published a tract against slavery to this day, and the Government say they do not *mean* to publish anything against it, and that this course is authorized by the language of the Report; and I presume, and every anti-slavery man has a right to presume, that this result is precisely the result intended by the sagacious pro-slavery gentlemen who drew up the Report. If they had meant something else, they would have *said* something else. But the manner in which they attained this success was a crafty intermingling of expressions favouring conservatism with expressions favouring reform. The party in possession had as many of these expressions as the other party; and possession is nine points of their law, and turns the scale in their favour.—C. K. W. *in The Liberator.*

"Scriptural Duties of Masters."—From the disclosures made in *The Independent* and elsewhere, it would seem that the volume of 125 pages on the Duties of Masters, printed by the Tract Society, but suppressed at the bidding of slaveholders, was not at all intended to attack that unrighteous institution, but merely to quiet the anti-slavery feeling at the North, which imperatively demanded that slavery should be treated like other sins. *The Independent* regrets that it was not published, and thinks a golden opportunity for allaying the fears of the anti-slavery Christians at the North has passed by. How this volume could have been satisfactory to those who believe slavery a sin, we cannot divine. The whole tendency of the work must have been pro-slavery rather than anti-slavery, and we think it is the South who have lost the golden opportunity by their premature and groundless suspicions.

"*Scriptural Duties of Masters!*" What better title could slaveholders desire? One which clearly implies that the relation itself is not unscriptural; that it involves nothing intrinsically repugnant to the teachings of inspiration; that among the "scriptural duties" of masters, that of manumitting their slaves is not one! Is the Tract Society prepared to teach this doctrine? If so, let it boldly avow itself the advocate of a pro-slavery gospel, and show us that the duty of giving unto all "that which is *just and equal*," and of "doing to others as we would have them do unto us," is suspended in regard to the African race!—*American Baptist.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857.

NOTICE TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We take the liberty of reminding those who have unpaid pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society that their payment at this time would be exceedingly welcome, as funds are greatly needed: The financial pressure bears as hard upon us as upon other people, while our resources are fewer, and the Society is compelled, therefore, even more unreservedly than usual, to throw itself upon the generosity of its friends. It solicits not merely the payment of pledges already made, but new donations.

Funds may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York, according to the convenience of location.

We also urge upon subscribers to this paper a prompt payment, as absolutely necessary, of bills recently issued. We are urgent upon this point because printers, paper-makers and pressmen cannot work without pay, and because we have the right to make the most pressing demand, even in such times, for the immediate payment of sums, small to the individual, though large in the aggregate, many of which have long been due. Remittances may be made either in coin, post-office orders, or New York bank bills, and should be sent to this office.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

The gradual disappearance even of the show of anti-slavery principle from the arena of politics is one of the most marked signs of the times. There has never been much of the real thing; but there has been, from time to time, an abundant parade of its imitation. As soon as the Abolitionists began to make a perceptible impression on the public mind, astute politicians perceived that here was an element which could be stirred into the political caldron so as to make the seething pottage to come forth from it the more easy to be ladled into their own porringers. And in those days there was no lack of blatant professions of compassion for the slaves and protestations against the encroachments of the power that keeps them such. It was, to be sure, generally given to the minority to see these beatified visions and to dream these philanthropic dreams. The more hopeless the chance of a national success, the clearer the sight and the truer the heart, as to the wrongs and sufferings of the slave. But with the first glimpse of the light of hope, these weaknesses began to wax feebler and feebler; and when success fairly dawned upon the hemisphere of a party long shivering in the gloom of opposition, they fled, like spectres at the break of day.

The Whig party, especially in Massachusetts, were the first to perceive the addition which might be made to their political capital by a diligent cultivation of this newly-opened field. It was a world to see what piles of resolutions they heaped one on the top of another, demanding that Congress should go to the utmost limits of their constitutional power, according to the dying injunctions of Franklin, for the discouragement and repression of slavery. They even were brought up at last to the point of pronouncing slavery to be a sin, and actually qualified themselves, as far as that went, for membership in the American Anti-Slavery Society. But when the sun of political prosperity was high in the heavens, its hot beams withered the good seed which had germinated thus greenly and it perished and brought forth no fruit, because it had no deepness of earth. The election of Harrison, and the hopes which that great victory inspired, were more than the crude Abolitionism of the Whigs could stand, and it fell away from one point of grace to another until they found themselves hailing the Fugitive Slave Bill as the palladium of Liberty, and ready to offer up whatever remains of their mouldering shows were left, to appease the angry gods of the South and to conciliate their blessings on the head of Mr. Webster. The gifts were accepted, but the suppliant and his fautors were spurned contemptuously from the footstool and sent ridiculously away. Neither the party nor its idol long survived that cruel rejection and rebuff.

The old Liberty party did actually have a name to live as an anti-slavery party. The principle on which it was gathered was hostility to slavery, and it aimed at its abolition in one way or another. It is well known that this paper, as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and as the exponent of the opinions of those who have had the conducting it, opposed that party, on various grounds, as inefficient and delusive in its policy. We also felt called upon to expose the shortcomings and wrong-doings of many of its leaders, towards the Anti-Slavery cause, and to show that it was made use of, if not founded, as a City of Refuge for refugees from true and loyal anti-slavery, in which they might hide themselves for a season until some fresh wave might come booming along, on the crest of which they hoped to be borne on to fortune. But we never denied or doubted the sincerity of the anti-slavery impulse which led the great mass of the rank and file of the party out from their old standards to enroll themselves under this new banner of freedom. After a few years, the outrages of the Annexation of Texas and the Mexican War which grew out of it called into being the Free Soil party. This party receded many steps from the position taken up by the Liberty party. It made the Abolition of Slavery no part of its plan. It merely claimed to stand between the conquered provinces of Mexico and the other Territories of the nation, and to hinder slavery from entering in and possessing them. The Liberty party came down from the height it occupied and joined forces with this new levy of forces, in the hope that they would bring about their object by a more circuitous route with a stronger body of auxiliaries.

The Free Soil party, however, as long as it had a nominal existence, made some pretensions to being an anti-slavery party. Its objection to the extension of slavery was slavery itself—in some measure, at least, because of the incidents of slavery to the slaves as well as to the white men and themselves in particular. With the next change the anti-slavery point of the platform was the very hindmost part of it, and grew so fine, as it slunk away out of sight, as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. The last great political movement, which came very near putting its candidate into the White House—which it probably would have done had the Pennsylvania election been fairly conducted and returned—that movement rested itself solely on the permission to the people of Kansas to keep slavery out of the State to be created out of their Territory, if they so pleased! A broad foundation, truly, on which to build up a national party—the right of men who had shown themselves so base or so cringing as to forbid coloured men to be members of their commonwealth, to keep themselves from being made the mean whites, the white trash, of rich slaveholding neighbours! As far as *they* were concerned, they deserved no better fate. But the permanence to be given to slavery and the locking of the yoke upon the necks of the blacks, these things hardly entered into the contemplation of the politicians who played that hand. The White Men, and not the Black, were the cards that were played out, and it has been of no particular importance that the game was lost. But it was another proof of the deterioration of Political Morality.

We Abolitionists have been often entreated to leave our impracticable abstractions and to come up to the help of these successive movements. "Vote for Harrison, for Clay, for Taylor!" was the cry and the exhortation. "Thus you will be helping forward your own ends and making the wrath of man to praise God!" But we did not accept the philosophy that putting our notorious enemies into power was the way to accomplish what we had at heart. We did not believe that slaveholders and worse than they, if helped into office by our influence and votes, would in anywise promote the deliverance of the slave. And so far, we think, all mankind will say that Wisdom was justified by her children. And as to the last political effort of those who are aroused to a degree of sensibility of their own wrongs, we are sure we were as absolutely right in that case as in any of the others. We did not imagine that much advantage to the four millions of slaves, our clients, would come of the victorious concession to the inhabitants of Kansas of the right of holding slaves if they pleased—but at any rate of shutting the gate of their State in the face of the free men of colour. And we think the whole tone of the campaign and of its chief champions since has shown that we were in the right. The election of Mr. Banks, for instance, in Massachusetts, who vouched in Wall street for the soundness of the Republicans on the Fugitive Slave Bill, is hailed as a special triumph of that party. And he is no worse than the average of the Opposition party. It is a White Man's party, and not a Slave's party; and as belonging to this last, we can have nothing to do with it.

But though it is true that the leaders of the Republican party did try to make it as like the nations round about as they could, and though they did do their best to wash their blackamoor white and to prove that there was not a drop of African blood in its veins, still there were two large bodies who could not or would not see it through their spectacles. One was the slaveholders, who refused to know any difference between them and ourselves; and the other was the honest mass of their own followers, who would hope against hope that they were actually doing an anti-slavery work in voting for Fremont. We do not believe that the shadow has gone backward on the dial of the national heart. We have faith that there is a more intelligent knowledge of slavery and hatred of it than ever before. The politicians are not the true interpreters of the state of the nation's pulse. We think it beats more wholesomely and makes more wholesome music than at any period of its life, at least since the days of its infancy. And we are firm in the belief that there is yet left strength of constitution enough to throw off its accursed malady. If we did not think so, surely we are of all men the most unreasonable, and we do indeed labour in vain, and spend our strength for nought. Let trading politicians say what they like, and try to define away all the pith and marrow of their movement, still we know and all men know that *there are the slaves* on plantations and in sugar-houses—scourged and shot and burnt—robbed of every blessing we are taught to hold dear—and as long as they are in the South, an Anti-Slavery Movement must exist at the North, beneath whose chariot-wheels the politicians must yet be crushed, if they do not join hands with those who are making the way smooth before its triumph.

DR. JOSEPH T. CURTIS.

The friends of this well-known physician were shocked to hear, on Friday of last week, of his death by his own hand. He shot himself, on the morning of that day, with a pistol loaded with buck-shot, directly through the heart, and expired instantly. He compelled those about him, on various pretexts, to leave him for a few moments to the solitude of his own room; he then availed himself of this freedom from a watchfulness which he well knew would come to be more needful, and altogether unremitting, and freed himself deliberately, and, unquestionably, with perfect self-possession, by death, from a rapidly-approaching condition which, he knew from experience, was one of absolute torment. That dreaded condition was insanity of a peculiar character, and with peculiar suffering to one of Dr. Curtis's organization. He had more than once gone through that terrible ordeal, and it was evident, for some days previous to his death, to his friends, and, no doubt, to himself, that he was again coming under this fearful dispensation. He took his own life, partly because he was already to a certain degree insane, and partly because he could not think of that incipient madness—and all that was to follow it—and live.

To those among our readers who knew Dr. Curtis, this brief statement of the fact and the cause of his death will need no apology. To others who knew him not—and perhaps he was not very widely known out of this city—it is proper to say that, counting ourselves among his friends and patients, we wish to bear testimony to the love and reverence with which, in common with all who knew him well, we regarded him. He was a man to excite such sentiments in others to a large degree. Nature had bestowed upon him the rarest endowments, which careful culture had enriched and enlarged. His intellect was of the highest sort—keen, subtle, and of a wide grasp; his character was very noble, brooking nothing low or mean in others; never condescending in thought or deed to any base thing in himself. He recognised the highest morality as the only true and best rule of action, though probably he was, like all other human creatures, in some of his relations to others, weak in the flesh rather than dull in the spirit. The most devout religious aspiration, also, coloured his whole life. His views on these subjects were sometimes peculiar, and were always his own, and doubtless they were often what neither the church nor the world would approve. But they were always conscientious, and held under a strong sense of accountability to God, and to Him alone.

Dr. Curtis was, we believe, the only student ever admitted to his office by Dr. Gram, who was himself a pupil of Hahnemann, and the first practitioner of the homœopathic school of medicine in this country. We are probably saying nothing extravagant in assuming that by the most intelligent of the faculty of that school Dr. Curtis was admitted to be one of the best, if not the best medical mind among them. For our own part we do not hesitate to say that in the quenching of the light of his life there has been extinguished more of an acute insight into the pathology of disease, and more knowledge of the relation and action of remedial agencies than can be found anywhere else in the medical community about us. Besides all this he was as a physician eminent for his excellent common sense, and—for what is not too common in his class—his thorough honesty. In treating a patient, it was the *man* he prescribed for, in accordance with his mental, moral and physical constitution, his habits, and his antecedents, and not merely some particular disordered condition that might be, at the moment, manifested. And if there was no need of treatment, he said so honestly; or if he was at a loss what to do, he just as honestly said that. It was such evidences of a high professional conscientiousness, and a keen sense of personal honour which would not permit him to stoop to even the appearance of charlatanism, however common, that gained him the confidence of all who sought his aid. He was called a homœopathist, and correctly so, inasmuch as he accepted and acted upon the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, and used the *materia medica* of that school of which he had the most intimate knowledge. But he was governed by experience, and not theory, and gave such remedies as that dictated, whether called allopathic or homœpathic. For those waiters upon Providence who soberly administer medicine of the potency of one drop of tincture to a bulk of water of the size of the globe we live upon, he had little respect. He chose to do something if he proposed to act at all, or else honestly said he had nothing to do.

It has seldom been our lot to meet with a man of so many engaging qualities as Dr. Curtis—one whose very presence and influence were a pleasure. There were few subjects on which he could not converse eloquently, elegantly and with far more than ordinary knowledge. It was this many-sidedness that wore out an organization most delicately structured, and in reality led to his premature death. He had a genius and almost a passion for mechanics; and having recently devoted himself to the perfection of a curious and complex sewing-machine of his own invention, his overwrought-brain had so worked upon the delicate machinery of his nervous system that for days he had known no sleep, and at length produced, in a moment of madness, that fatal act which gave him the sleep that knows no waking.

Littell's Living Age, No. 704, is mainly filled with brief articles, selected with excellent judgment from the leading English journals. Considerable room is given, as usual, to European politics. It contains also some fine poetry. 321 Broadway.

KANSAS A SLAVE STATE.

The recent election in Kansas of a Free State delegate to Congress, by a majority of 5,000 votes, and the choice of a Free State Legislature, in spite of most atrocious frauds, has generally been regarded at the North as a virtual settlement of the great issue so long pending there, a substantial and permanent victory of the Free State party. The rejection of the fraudulent returns from Johnson and McGee Counties has been reckoned as a proof of Gov. Walker's honesty and fairness—an earnest of the President's determination to give effect to the well-understood sentiments of the great majority of the people of Kansas. It has even been supposed by many professed friends of freedom, who plume themselves upon their sagacity, that the Border Ruffian Democracy would, from this time forward, relinquish the hope and the purpose of organising the Territory as a slave State, and back out of the contest in the best way they could.

To how bitter a disappointment are they doomed who have indulged such expectations as these! While their shouts of triumph are still ringing in our ears, we have intelligence from Kansas of a Border Ruffian *coup d'etat*, which puts a fitting climax upon the stupendous schemes of fraud previously enacted there, and which will, in all probability, secure the organisation of the Territory as a slave State and its speedy admission as such into the Union. The bogus Constitutional Convention, elected by less than 1,500 votes (the voice of more than ten times that number of Free State citizens having been suppressed by deliberate fraud), and backed by U. S. troops, has concocted a plan which, unless it be resisted unto blood, will give the Border Ruffian Democracy, alias the Slave Power, a complete victory.

Slavery, it must be remembered, has existed in Kansas from the moment that the Missouri compromise was repealed. Slaves were taken there when the Territory was first organized, and the whole executive, legislative and judicial power has been exerted to protect the system. The Supreme Court of the United States having decided that property in slaves is guaranteed by the U. S. Constitution in all U. S. territory, the institution must continue in Kansas until prohibited by a positive provision of the State Constitution. A Constitution without such a provision, and entirely silent upon the subject, would make Kansas a slave State just as effectually as one bristling all over with pro-slavery enactments. The President of the United States and the Governor of Kansas have given the most solemn pledges to the people of the Territory that they should have a fair opportunity, in organizing their State government, to determine by their votes whether slavery should be permitted or prohibited. These pledges, made for the purpose of deceiving the Free State party and for effect upon the Northern elections, are now to be repudiated. The bogus Constitutional Convention has framed a Constitution, which is not to be submitted to the people of Kansas for their acceptance or rejection, but to go into full effect in a little more than a month, in open defiance of their will—a Constitution which reënacts all the bogus pro-slavery laws, and makes Kansas a slave State as really as Virginia or South Carolina. A certain section *relating to slavery* (see Standard of last week) is indeed to be *nominally* referred to the people; but even if that section should be rejected, the existence of slavery in Kansas will not be in the least affected by such repudiation, there being no alternative provision prohibiting the system. The Border Ruffians have carefully arranged the game upon the principle of "heads we win, tails you (Free State party) lose." The ballots to be used in voting upon the pro-slavery provision are cunningly worded thus: "The Constitution with Slavery," "The Constitution without Slavery." On the surface this would seem to involve the admission or prohibition of slavery; but not so—every ballot will be an endorsement of the Constitution, which is just as effectually pro-slavery without as with the provision in question. The people may stuff the boxes with ballots labelled "*without slavery*," but they must at the same time vote for "the Constitution" and therefore *for slavery!* The Constitution cannot be altered for seven (some reports say twenty) years.

Nor is this all. The Constitution reënacts all the bogus pro-slavery laws, and contains provisions effectually nullifying at once the *Territorial* Government and establishing a "Provisional Government" in its place, with Gen. Calhoun, President of the Convention, as "Regent." The Free State Territorial Legislature, lately elected, is superseded by a provision for a *State* Legislature, to be elected on the first Monday in January. All the arrangements for this election are in the hands of Gen. Calhoun, the "Regent," who is to appoint the receivers of votes, count them and issue certificates to those whom he may decide to be elected! Gov. Walker is thus without any vocation in Kansas, and it remains to be seen what course he will pursue. The Free State party have appealed to him to summon a meeting of the Territorial Legislature to take such action as the crisis demands; but we doubt if he complies with this request. Indeed we expect he will leave the Territory, regarding his mission as ended—that the President will thereby be relieved of all embarrassment as to sending his name to the Senate—that in the meantime the Administration will recognize and enforce the authority of the "Provisional Government" with Gen. Calhoun at its head—that the new Constitution will be sent to Congress early in the session and put through that body by force of party machinery and the threats of the fire-eaters—and that then the pro-slavery Legislature of the *State* of Kansas will elect two Border Ruffians, who will at once take their seats in the U. S. Senate, while Parrott, the Free State *delegate*, will give place to a duly elected Border Ruffian *representative*. Unless the Free State party in Kansas and their friends throughout the North are prepared to resist this scheme by revolutionary measures, it will, in all probability, be carried into effect substantially as above indicated.

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

We commend to the attention of our readers the very able article on the first page, from *Zion's Herald*, upon the relations of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) to slavery. The writer, under the convenient guise of an hypothesis, describes, with graphic force, the influence of slavery upon the Church, and the measures of proscription by which the Bishops and others in authority have attempted to "crush out" and subdue the rising spirit of liberty.

It will be remembered that in The Standard of the 7th inst. we published a paragraph from *The* (Richmond) *South*, alluding somewhat blindly to a discussion, connected in some way with slavery, that had taken place at Fincastle, Va. The following letter, which we find in *Zion's Herald*, not only gives the needed explanation of the discussion, but enlightens us still further in regard to the character of Northern Methodism on the South side of Mason and Dixon's line.

Dr. Haven: We read with no little interest Mr. Atwater's communication in the *Herald* of the 21st ult., and the editorial upon the subject of Methodist Anti-Slaveryism on the Border. As to the former, where the status of the Church as to this question is treated, in regard to our South-Western Border, we have only to say that, against all our antecedents as to hope, recent developments here and carefully improved opportunities of observation have led us to make about the same estimate in regard to much of our South-Eastern Border. We have had some ten years of observation as a preacher in the latter field, and belong to a Conference boasting of conservatism, and whose records are clear from all sin of abolitionism, according to the showing of her chief ministers.

The Church at the East, North, the West and North-West have been woefully deceived by some means as to the condition and extent of Methodist slaveholding on *our* Border. *Mr. Long's book contains not a tithe of the absolute truth in regard to the administrative condition of the Methodist Episcopal Church in her slaveholding territory. His facts and observations can be duplicated to any extent in the Baltimore Conference.* The latest affair, affording *stupendous public demonstration* to all the world of the attitude of the M. E. Church to this question of slavery here, is given in the fact that one of our presiding elders for two days discussed publicly the relations of our Church to slavery, taking pro-slavery grounds throughout, with Rev. L. Rosser, of the Church South. You will see from the paper I send you, the charges against which Rev. B. H. Nadal defends the M. E. Church generally, and the Baltimore Conference in particular. The discussion was held in the Fincastle Court-house, Botetourt Co., Va., and was continued throughout the whole of two days, Mr. Rosser *affirming*, and Mr. Nadal *denying*, that "The tendencies of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Baltimore Conference since 1840 were abolition." Mr. Rosser occupied the entire of the 13th inst., in proving the *affirmative*, and Mr. Nadal the 14th up to 5 p. m., the *negative*. Both parties had their special friends, and each for their champion claim the victory. The M. E. Church [North] down here, you will observe, was slandered by affirming she had even *tendencies* toward abolitionism, that is toward the extirpation of slavery in Church or State. On the question of *local* and *administrative fact*, Mr. Nadal was triumphant. He could point to members of the M. E. Church who were as *consistent* slaveholders as any in the Church South. They *worked* them as hard—*threshed* them as often—*bred* as many in proportion to the numbers held—and *perpetuated* the slavery of those held for life in as many instances in proportion to a given number in Maryland and Virginia, as did the Church South. Methodism in the Baltimore Conference of the Church North had as much interest in the *perpetuation* of slavery—in the *extension*, by which the price of negroes would be enhanced—in *opposing abolition* tendencies, as had the Church South—and, that he himself, as a *representative of the Episcopacy*, was as free and as faithful in denouncing even *tendencies* to abolitionism as was his "old friend, Mr. Rosser."

Yet send Mr. Nadal to the General Conference, and he will talk as smooth as oil, and show, as Mr. Slicer, of Baltimore, and Mr. Coombe, of Philadelphia, the wide difference between our Church and the Church South, and how anti-slavery the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conferences are. Now we say, after many years of observation on this South-Eastern Border, that *in no sense can our Church be regarded as anti-slavery here.* And we hope, for the honour of the Church, that she will not regard in the future the representations of Church politicians, who, after deceiving the brethren North, and dividing their forces, come back and chuckle over the matter as one in which they had out-Yankeed the Yankees. For questions of local fact, rely only on local public sentiment, and for the truth of the statements of this letter rely on the Fincastle *Democrat*, which I send you. Anti-Humbug.

Maryland, November.

The following letter from the Rev. J. D. Long, author of "Pictures of Slavery," goes to confirm the representations of "Anti-Humbug." We copy from *The Northern Independent.*

Please insert the following, clipped from the *Pennsylvania Enquirer* of Friday morning, Oct. 30th:

A Stampede.—A great stampede of slaves took place at Cambridge, Md., on Saturday night last. No less than thirty made their escape—fifteen belonging to Samuel Pattison, Esq., seven to Miss Jane Cator, three to Richard Keene, one to W. V. Brannock, one to Reuben E. Phillips, one to the estate of W. D. Travers, deceased, and two free negroes. These make *forty-four* who have left that place within two weeks. Messrs. Pattison, Phillips and Brannock have offered a reward of $3,100 for the apprehension of their slaves.

On the above advertisement, I shall make a few comments.

1. Samuel Pattison, Esq., mentioned in the notice, is an aged and wealthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dorchester County, Maryland, in the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference. He is a pillar in the Church in that section of the country, and a man of the highest standing among his fellow-citizens. Mr. Pattison we know personally. He estimates his loss at twelve or fifteen thousand dollars. They left on Saturday night, October 24th, or Sunday morning. Mr. Pattison missed them, and in the afternoon of the same day a great slave-hunt came off—but without success. The slave-hunters are on the track of the panting fugitives, but as yet they have not been captured, though a very heavy reward has been offered to the negro-hunters.

Mr. Reuben E. Phillips is a member of the M. E. Church also. The slave referred to as belonging to the estate of Wm. D. Travers belongs to the Rev. Levi D. Travers, a local preacher in the M. E. Church in Dorchester County, who is rich in goods, having married the only daughter and child of Wm. D. Travers. The Rev. gentleman offers $300 reward in the Cambridge *Democrat.* If these poor slaves should be caught, every one of them would be sold to the negro-trader. Their masters do not propose to give a reward and then turn out their slaves on their farms to run away again. I have given these plain statements in self-defence, as that notorious pro-slavery pugilist, *Thomas Jefferson* Quigley, has accused me of unchristain conduct in misrepresenting the members of the M. E. Church in the slaveholding portion of the Philadelphia Conference. I want to hand down to posterity the name or Thomas Jefferson Quigley linked with the name of *Thomas Spencer*, Judge of Dorchester County Court, who sentenced Bro. Samuel Green to ten years in the Maryland Penitentiary, for having a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his possession. See "Pictures of Slavery," page 398.

I have read in *Zion's Herald* that some paper in South Carolina denies it. What a rebuke to Maryland, when South Carolina thinks it too horrible for credence. But, alas! it is shamefully true. If any person doubts it, let them write to Judge Spence, to any of the Baltimore preachers, to the keeper of the Penitentiary himself. For unparalleled atrocity, there is nothing to equal it in the judicial proceedings of England or America.

Yours truly, John Dixon Long.

West Philadelphia, Nov., 1857.

Another correspondent of the same paper, under date of Oct. 26th, gives us the following testimony:

"Being in Philadelphia on last week, we stepped into No. 40 North Fourth street, known as the Methodist Book Store. One of the preachers from Maryland, Philadelphia Conference, in charge of a circuit down there, was speaking of the administrative condition of the Church, on his circuit, on the subject of slavery. Several ministers were present, among whom was Rev. N. Heston, of the Nazareth Church, Philadelphia.

"In reply as to whether he had any cases of discipline, because of buying and selling of slaves, he stated that there *was no administration whatever*—that a member of the Church on his circuit recently sold a slave man South, and that he was not tried for it—that the whole matter was a dead letter—that the Church and community would not sustain him in the administration of the General Rule, and that he must let things go so, or leave the circuit. He also stated that a man down there came forward to the altar, professed to obtain religion; that a few days afterwards he sold a slave South; and a few days after that, *joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.* That another preacher on the circuit told the person telling this story (and who was the preacher in charge of the circuit) that he would object to this negro-trader's reception into the Church, when he replied: 'If you do, I will make you show the *grounds* upon which you object, and then *their* application will turn many of the official brethren out of the Church, too.' He stated that he was anti-slavery in sentiment; 'but,' said he, 'no man dare speak out against slavery in that portion of the Conference.' Mr. Heston, and others, will doubtless confirm this statement, should any one doubt it. We did not speak to Mr. H. on the subject, but know we have his name correctly written as one of the listeners to this tissue of developments, which overwhelmed us with shame for our Church, and with Christian indignation against T. J. Quigley, D.D., and his silly attempts against Rev. J. D. Long."

And here is the testimony of yet another correspondent of *The Northern Independent*, as to the real state of things in the Border Conferences:

"We ask the attention of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, everywhere, to the following state of affairs on our Border work in the Philadelphia Conference, and wish them to account for the strange facts which meet *us here*, who are anti-slavery ministers, and anti-slavery members of an anti-slavery Church.

"First: Our preachers, many of them, on the Border, are affiliating more and more with the Church South. Formerly, they of the Church South, and their sympathizers, mobbed our preachers, drove them from our pulpits by violence, took our churches and occupied them. Now these men are *good Methodists*, in the esteem of a growing number of our people. The ministers of the Apostate Church, South, are, on the Border, treated with high consideration, *invited to preach above the line of their former conquests*, invited to give their ministerial labours at our camp-meetings, and they, who heretofore *roared* against us as *lions*, who took and devoured, after they had divided the prey, 'roar gently as sucking doves.'

"Secondly: This affiliation is assisting in the work of spreading the pro-slavery leaven among our people. Is not this a very natural result? How can we be expected to be true to anti-slavery Methodism? Said one in our hearing: 'Our preachers are silent on the subject of the evil of slavery—our secular presses are all the apologists of slavery—many of them advocate its extension—some even go so far as to advocate the reopening of the African slave trade. The Richmond *Christian Advocate* is circulating among us, teeming with misrepresentations and abuse of anti-slavery Methodism, and ridicules those of our people and preachers who are yet true to Old Methodism.

"Thirdly: this state of things is not unknown to our Great Official (*Christian Advocate and Journal*) in New York, yet it gives us in each number almost a chapter of items consisting of sympathy for afflictions of leading men of the Church South—of salient administration (!) points in her history and movements—never utters a word against such affiliations as we have spoken of, never protects the M. E. Church against the insidious or open attacks of their Border paper, the Richmond *Advocate*—and our paper is vastly popular with them—and Dr. Stevens one of the nicest men. If we only had old Dr. Bond back again from his grave, and at the editor's quill in New York, *he* would try to put a stop to some of these things—*he* would oppose the Church South, and protect our territory and our sentiment. That he would, we know. But as it is, the work of death to anti-slavery Methodism goes on, by affiliation, by invitation of our preachers, by silence on the part of our paper, though, of course, not by their or its active authorization.

"We have heard a whispered suspicion—we have been asked the question at the head of this article—we give the question a voice, and ask: Where are we on the Border being steered? Southward?

"A conviction, *a terrible conviction, which we do not now utter*, is settling down on many. A hundred preachers are waiting and watching with thousands of our members on the Border. 'Change her course, *our* ship's course!' is the sentiment of many a bosom, the utterance of many a lip. Some would speak, but they cannot now be heard, though they desire to be, before greater ruin is encountered. One voice, honest, brave, distinct, and heard at our last General Conference, would now speak, and in a different voice than *them*, would speak through our organ—the Great Official—would speak of changing our ship's course a little more toward the North Star—toward the great headland of the majority sentiment of the last General Conference. He might have been heard weeks ago, but that our Great Official keeps it back '*for the present.*' Why? What means this? All this? What do these things portend? We wait a little, and only a little, when, should our conviction as to the proper answer receive confirmation, we shall attempt a fearless and truthful response."

We commend these statements, *published on Methodist authority*, to the attention of anti-slavery lecturers, whose duty it is to reveal the guilty complicity of Northern Methodism with slavery and expose the lying pretences by which so many Methodist preachers and church-members are endeavouring to mislead the public.

The *Christian Leader

ELOQUENCE OF C. C. BURLEIGH.

SCHUYLKILL, Chester Co., Pa., Nov. 8, 1857.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

WE have just been enjoying the rare pleasure of listening again to Charles C. Burleigh, an enjoyment which has been rare in every sense of the word, for the last few years, though formerly Eastern Pennsylvania was the principal theatre of his labours. Mr. Burleigh is on his return to New England, from his recent western tour; and, with his usual devotion to the great cause which lies nearest his heart, consented to address the people of this region on the slavery question, which he did in the Temperance Hall at Phœnixville, to the great delectation of the respectable audience assembled to hear him, exhibiting all his ancient masterly arrangement, clearness of thought, precision of expression and boldness of utterance. It is seldom, indeed, that such a treat is presented, regarding the effort merely from the intellectual standpoint; but this, of course, was no matter of surprise to those who were acquainted with Mr. Burleigh's quality. He has always, here, as well as elsewhere, found fit audience, though they were sometimes few; he has never been so popular as some other lecturers, the solution of which fact lay in his superiority. His unrivalled logic is wearisome to many people—to all, indeed, of that large class who prefer pathos, narrative and anecdote to that close reasoning and those masterly generalizations in which Mr. Burleigh's mind is as completely at home as is that of the more popular speakers in the presentation of isolated facts and individual experiences. Not that he fails in this field—his wealth of illustration and the accuracy of his facts are proverbial; but argumentation is undoubtedly his forte. Our only source of regret is that he cannot remain longer among us.

And here permit me to make a statement which I hope will be interesting to all your readers who are not already acquainted with the fact, viz.: that Mr. Burleigh has prepared, and is ready to deliver, some four or five lectures on various topics not exclusively anti-slavery. Some of these productions are not at all devoted to the consideration of the slavery question, and all of them are said to be admirable for such courses of lectures as are now delivered almost every winter, in almost every enterprising village in the Northern States. The titles of several of them are as follows: Growth and Discipline; The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; Labour, its Rights and Dignity; God's Daily Talk with Man. I cannot forbear the expression of my regret that, even in this region, on which Mr. Burleigh has, for a long series of years, been lavishing the riches of his magnificent intellect, few or no applications should be made for the delivery of these lectures. Of one of them I can speak personally—the first of those above mentioned; and it is certainly superb. It seems hardly fair that while men of third and fourth-rate capacity are employed by every village Lyceum at respectable rates of remuneration, through persons many of whom have so long enjoyed gratuitously the benefits of Mr. Burleigh's labours, these lectures should be allowed to lie in his portfolio uncalled for. This absence of a demand for them is a mutual disadvantage to both the parties concerned.

LETTER FROM JOSEPH A. HOWLAND.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AT Chardon, Geauga County, Ohio, I fell into the hands of Elder E. Brigham, of the Baptist Church, who left his charge in the State of New York because they persisted in keeping fellowship with pro-slavery Churches and Associations, and came here, where his Church and the Association with which it is connected have cut all connection with pro-slavery ecclesiastical bodies, as witness the following resolutions, which, I am told, are practically lived up to and enforced, ecclesiastically.

At the Twenty-second Annual Meeting of Geauga Baptist Convention, comprising ten Churches, held Sept. 17, 1856, the following note-worthy resolutions were adopted, viz.:

"1. Resolved, That we abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and that we disapprove the manufacture and sale of the same, *and that we hold no fellowship with those who do.*

"2. Resolved, That we disapprove of all secret societies, and affectionately recommend to the members of our Churches *to have no fellowship therewith*, but to regard the apostolic injunction, 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.'

"3. Resolved, That, as, in the providence of God, the great issue is forced upon us, Slavery or Liberty, Christianity or Heathenism, we, as followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, in our *individual and Church* capacity, do declare that we will wash our hands from all guilt arising from a participation in this crime, *by separating ourselves from all religious organizations and associations who, morally, politically or religiously, fraternize with slaveholders or their abettors as Christians*, and would earnestly request the Churches of this Association not to receive any Church or individual unless they occupy the same position with regard to slavery that we do."

Item XI. of their Circular letter to the Churches is in these words: "We prove by the Scriptures that *slavery* is a sin against God and a wrong done to our neighbour, which calls for the action of the Church in a way of *having no fellowship* with this sum of all villanies, *nor with those ministers, Churches and missionary organizations who maintain an undignified silence* in regard to this overflowing evil, which is perverting the gospel of Christ, and contradicting the *Fundamental Law* of Jesus, namely, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, for this is the LAW and the prophets.' The Bible commands, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and you shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.'"

The history of the anti-slavery movement discovers a great sahara of anti-slavery resolutions of Churches and ecclesiastical bodies, that are merely declaratory of the evil of slavery, but it is not often that such an oasis as this is found that so clearly and decisively cuts off all connection with slavery.

But this is only ecclesiastical, and, although the word *political* is in the resolution, yet it seems to be out of place and meaningless. In a lecture at the Chardon Baptist meeting-house, I endeavoured clearly and distinctly to show the duty of carrying out the spirit of this action, by withdrawing, as individuals, from all support of, or participation in, the slaveholding Government of the United States. This was a new view of the matter, yet they heard with apparent candour and interest, raising some objections and asking some questions in a good spirit.

Presiding Elder Baine, of the Methodist Church, flippantly charged me, at the close of the meeting, with "begging my premises." Whereupon I invited him to attend the next evening and show it, to which he assented, if he might have half the time. This was acceded, and the Chardon Court-House was well filled with interested hearers on the second evening.

Elder Baine took issue on the duty of secession from the Government, and on the slaveholding action of all who participated in it, and made three speeches against our position, two of half an hour each, and one of a quarter of an hour, full of bombast and bluster, and with copious readings from Washington, Hamilton, &c., &c. I spoke the same time, not so much in reply to him, as he made but very little argument that was worthy of notice, but in as good an exposition of and argument upon the proposition as I was capable of. The audience were quite interested and listened attentively to the close of the protracted discussion.

Good seed was apparently sown on good soil, which, it is hoped, will yet take root and bring forth fruit. Elder Brigham, who is an Englishman that was never naturalized, was much interested in the meetings, and professed to have gained new and valuable light thereby, and avowed his determination never to make oath to, or become a citizen of, the United States. I much regret that my appointments would not allow me another evening at Chardon to comply with the earnest desire of the people to hear upon the relations of the American Church in general, and of the Methodist Church in particular, to slavery.

I have found the people of the Western Reserve, so far as I have seen them, quite interested in hearing our views, which are, in many sections, quite new. There appears to be an honest anti-slavery feeling pervading the masses that is more candid and has more of principle than the truckling, quibbling policy of New England Republicans, and it appears to be a good field for labour. J. A. H.

Windsor, Nov. 6, 1857.

INVASION OF NICARAGUA.—The pirate Gen. Wm. Walker left New Orleans on the 11th inst., with four hundred men, provisions for three or four months, and a large supply of arms and ammunition. Their destination is Nicaragua, where they intend to renew the struggle for the establishment of slavery and the annexation of the country to the American Union. The movements of Walker were no doubt fully known to the U. S. authorities, who interposed no serious obstacle to his departure. It is pretended in certain quarters that the President is very indignant on account of their neglect of duty, but we believe that is all a sham, and that he and the members of his Cabinet were all in direct connivance with the fillibuster hero.

BREVITIES.

The (Richmond) *South* is very indignant in view of the fact that the people of Western Virginia are disposed to encourage and aid Eli Thayer's scheme of colonization. It evidently despairs, however, of defeating his plans.

The Grand River (Ohio) Congregational Association has adopted a series of resolutions in relation to the American Tract Society, concluding as follows:

"That until the Society *emphatically discountenance* this action of its Executive, and inaugurate a Board of Managers who shall faithfully execute its wishes, we recommend our Churches to disburse the funds they appropriate for the Tract cause through other agencies."

An Address, signed by eminent orthodox clergymen and laymen of the United States, was forwarded to the Evangelical Alliance, which lately assembled at Berlin, Prussia. The Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D. (we must not fail to give his name and his titular "fardels" in full), in appending his name to this address, illustrated his windy pomposity by writing thus: "We cannot be with you, my dear Sir Culling Eardley; but can subscribe this Address, with the prayer that Christ may be with you and guide and bless you in all things! Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y.; 40 miles from that great wonder of God, the Cataract of Niagara! *Salutem precamur omnes.*"

Mexico is in a condition of indescribable distraction. Not long since, Comonfort, a statesmen of eminence, was elected President, and for a time there seemed to be a prospect of peace and security for the people. But the spirit of revolution has again broken out, and Comonfort, with the consent of Congress, has assumed the powers of a Dictator and proclaimed martial law. How long he may be able to sustain himself is wholly uncertain. The country appears to have become a prey to faction and misrule. Meanwhile, the American Slave Power is watching for an opportunity to profit by this confusion in the addition of another slice of Mexican territory to the "area of freedom." It will not surprise us if, before the end of the next session of Congress, one-half of the territory of Mexico, by some gigantic scheme of robbery and plunder, is made a part of "our glorious Union."

The region known as Arizonia will probably be organized as a Territory by the next Congress. It contains about 30,000 square miles, and has for its boundaries New Mexico on the North, Texas and the Rio Grande on the East, Chihuahua and Sonora on the South, and Colorado river, which separates it from California, on the West. This great domain was formerly inhabited by a large Spanish and Mexican population, which, in addition to extensive mining operations, were engaged in ranching and grazing. For many years, however, with the single exception of the town of Tucson, which is situated in the Santa Cruz Valley, the country was unoccupied, except by Indians. Since its acquisition by the United States, white settlers have gone there to a considerable extent to engage in Mining operations. The whole population is supposed to be about 8,000. It will eventually become a slaveholding State, of course.

The Republican Governor of Vermont, in his Thanksgiving Proclamation, calls upon the people of that State to "give thanks for a Constitution and Laws which recognise the equality and fraternity of the human family, that throw their protecting shield over the poorest and humblest, and restrain the unjust arm of the strongest." The "Constitution and Laws" of *Vermont*, not those of the *United States*, are here alluded to, as the connection evidently shows. The proclamation, in fact, makes not the slightest allusion to the Union, or to the connection of the State therewith. Such language, however, cannot be justified, until the people of Vermont repudiate their guilty connection with a slaveholding Confederacy and cease to require of every legislative, executive and judicial officer an oath for its support. Four millions of bondmen, clanking their chains on American soil, have a right to hold the people of that State responsible for direct complicity and connivance with their oppressors.

PERSONAL.

George Bradburn was advertised to *preach* at Cleveland O., on Sunday last, upon "The Functions of the Pulpit." Mr. B. was a preacher before he was a politician, but left the pulpit many years ago.

Frances E. Watkins, who was compelled, not long since, by ill health, to suspend her labours as a lecturer, was able to address the Salem (Mass.) Female Anti-Slavery Society on the 2d inst. She has engagements both in Vermont and Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Samuel Sawyer, late of Rogersville, Tenn., whose exposure of the inhumanity of Col. Netherland to his slaves has excited so much attention, has accepted a call to become the pastor of the New School Presbyterian Church at Marion, Grant Co., Indiana.

Neal Dow, on his return from England, a few days since, received an enthusiastic public welcome from his friends in Portland. He was escorted from the railroad dépôt to his house by a torchlight procession. On Thursday evening of this week he is to have a public reception at the Tremont Temple in Boston, Senator Wilson presiding; and next morning a public breakfast will be given in his honour at the Adams House. His temperance labours in England are said to have exerted a powerful influence.

The Philadelphia *Press* of the 12th inst. says: "The announcement that Wendell Phillips was to lecture at Concert Hall last evening, on the 'Lost Arts,' attracted a very large and intelligent audience long before the hour of commencing. The lecture was an extemporaneous effort, and abounded in learned allusions without number, showing that the subject selected was one to which he had devoted much research. The frequent applause with which he was greeted by the audience was sufficiently expressive of the approval which the lecturer met with from his hearers. Among the distinguished members of the school which Mr. Phillips represents, on the stand we noticed Messrs. J. Miller McKim and James Mott."

MORMON HOSTILITIES.—Brigham Young has virtually declared war against the United States. Despatches were received at the War Department on the 17th, among them a proclamation by Young declaring martial law in Utah. A telegraphic despatch from Washington says:

"Young claims the right to issue such a proclamation by virtue of his authority as Governor of the Territory and Superintendent of Indian affairs, not having been suspended from exercising his functions, and by virtue of his power under the Territorial Organic act. He expressly forbids the United States troops entering the Territory without his authority for doing so, and complains that the Mormons have not been treated as American citizens, and that the Government of the United States has acted on misrepresentations, the object being to drive the Mormons from the Territory. The language of the proclamation is emphatically in hostility to the authority of the United States, and is regarded here as a declaration of war.

"When Col. Alexander was within thirty miles of Fort Bridger, which place is occupied by Mormon troops, he received a letter from Brigham Young through the Commander of the 'Nauvoo Legion,' warning the troops out of the Territory, but saying if they desire to remain till Spring they may do so, provided they give up their arms and ammunition, but they must then leave; in the meantime he will see that they are furnished with provisions."

A train of twenty-five wagons, forming a part of the army expedition for Utah, was met and destroyed by the Mormons lately near Green River. The wagons contained tents and clothing. There was no military escort with the train. It was protected solely by hired men in the employ of the contractor for transportation, who is a civilian. The train was in the rear of the infanty and artillery, but some distance in front of the cavalry.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF EMIGRANTS.—The Los Agelos (California) *Star* of Oct. 9 gives an account of the massacre of almost the entire train of emigrants bound to that State from Missouri and Arkansas, by the overland route. Over 100 persons, men, women and children, were murdered by the Indians. The emigrants fought desperately, but were overpowered. Those who remained alive, after a fight of one or two days, sent out a flag of truce borne by a little girl, and gave themselves up to the mercy of the savages, who immediately rushed in and slaughtered all of them with the exception of fifteen infant children, who have since been purchased, with much difficulty, by the Mormon interpreters. The Mormons are believed by many to have been the instigators of this wholesale butchery. The Indians accused the emigrants of attempting to destroy their lives by poison-

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 14, 1857.

A CONVENTION of delegates from the Northern and Western Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church* is now in session in this place, in the George Street Church, called for the purpose of considering the Slavery Question in that communion. Rev. Wm. Collier, of Pittsburg, was chosen President, and Rev. Joseph White, of this City, Secretary. Twelve Conferences are represented, the delegates being both from the ministry and laity.

The propriety of attending the General Conference to be held in Lynchburg, Va., in May next, and the alteration of the Discipline so that it shall emphatically condemn slaveholding, with a view to its extirpation from the Church, were the main subjects of discussion. Resolutions have been reported by the Business Committee expressing a determination not to attend the next General Conference at Lynchburg, on the ground that entire freedom of discussion on the subject of slavery will not be allowed there. These, together with resolutions relative to the Missionary and Educational enterprises of the Church, are undergoing a spirited discussion, which has not yet terminated. When the Convention shall have adjourned, it will be proper to review its action, which it is generally thought will lead to a division of the Church on the Slavery question. Judging from the growing anti-slavery feeling among the membership in the North and West, and the determined spirit shown in this Convention, it is hard to see how this result can be avoided. The influential men here either discourage or stand aloof from this movement, but the Churches in the interior possess much more anti-slavery principle and are less governed by expediency than those in the cities. The *Methodist Protestant*, the principal organ of this Church, is published in Baltimore, and has always exerted an influence adverse to the anti-slavery movement in the Church, and has deterred some from coming out decidedly and boldly for the purification of the Church from the sin and shame of slaveholding. This Convention shows the world at least that *quietism* does not prevail through the whole Church.

The United States District Court is now in session in this city, and has had another Slavery case before it this week—that of David Wait, of Adams County, accused of harbouring fugitive slaves. The case was tried before a jury, which, after being out for one day and night, could not agree and were discharged. It is said they stood nine for conviction and three for acquittal. In this trial Mr. B. Million, of Kentucky, the alleged owner of the slaves, and the principal witness against Wait, gave in testimony so contradictory to what he had avowed to several persons previously that he was immediately put on trial for perjury. It was proved by credible witnesses that he had declared that the negroes had crossed the river with his consent in order to get them beyond the reach of his creditors. Judge Leavitt, in charging the Jury, said that if the slaves left Kentucky by consent of their master, they should give a verdict in favour of the defendant.

The details of this case you can gather from the daily papers, and I only remark further that this city and vicinity is becoming every year more of a field for fugitive and slave-rescue cases, and the U. S. Court is likely to have at every session the Slavery question before it in some shape. This case, in connection with the meeting of the Methodist Convention at the same time, furnishes further evidence of the increase and vitality of the anti-slavery agitation pervading all departments of Church and State.

There is a growing feeling of dissatisfaction among "Evangelical" Christians here with the determination of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society to disobey the instructions given them at the Annual Meeting, and to publish nothing, even in the mildest terms, against slavery or its admitted evils. The *Christian Herald*, of this city, a decided but moderate anti-slavery print, and one that is slow to find fault with any of the great Benevolent Societies, shows very clearly, in a late editorial, the want of "back-bone" in the Directors of the Tract Society, their indecision, their timidity and pitiable fear of the South and its threats of withdrawal from its support. This dissatisfaction has not been very extensively expressed as yet, but is growing through the West and will be heard and felt by the time of the next Annual Meeting. The work of bringing all the great Benevolent organizations of the country to deal with slavery as truth, justice and true religion demand may progress more slowly than the ardent friends of freedom might wish, but the public opinion of the Church is becoming more enlightened and the contest between truth and freedom on one side and the spirit of expediency and compromise on the other is becoming more animated every day. The signs have been encouraging for some few years past of an awakening through the North, which I cannot think are destined to end in disappointment. P.

* This Church was formed many years since, by a secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Oct. 30, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I do not know whether the British and Foreign *Anti-Slavery Reporter* is among your exchanges; in case it is, you have probably anticipated my suggestion. But, having read in that paper what purports to be an amended report, with which the editor was favoured "through the courtesy of the noble Lord and of Mr. Hansard," of an admirable speech delivered by Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, on the 17th of July last, on the subject of immigration from Africa, on the presentation of a petition from British Guiana praying that such immigration might be sanctioned by Parliament, I cannot avoid hoping, when you have read the speech, which I send herewith, that you will agree with me that it is well deserving insertion in every anti-slavery newspaper in the United States. To use an American phrase, it deserves to be scattered broadcast over the land. Of all men now surviving, Lord Brougham has done the most for the abolition of British West Indian slavery. Although, at one portion of his long life, his conduct was marked with great eccentricity, and his popularity suffered some abatement, there is, probably, no public man now in England so generally respected for his life-long labours as an opponent of slavery, a promoter of education and a most laborious and successful law reformer. Although now very nearly (if not upwards of) eighty years of age, his activity of mind and body is wonderful. Within the last few weeks he presided at the first meeting of a new British Association for the promotion of Social Enquiries and Reforms, and it was delightful to witness the vigorous intellect he evinced and the uniform respect and admiration which his bearing and reputation elicited. I am not one of those who have much faith in the common opinion that the virtues are the special heir-looms of particular countries. If the British Abolitionists had been changed at nurse with the fire-eaters of South Carolina, the latter would probably, under changed circumstances, have produced their Garrisons, Phillipses, Westons and Jacksons—the former their Calhouns, MacDuffies and prototypes of Legree. We have ample proof in the British and Irish born slaveholders in your Southern States that opportunity alone is wanted to develope the most atrocious acts, the most hateful hypocrisy, and the corruptest morality in the natives of countries the most highly favoured in their political circumstances, and the farthest removed from harshness in the laws or despotism in the government.

It is owing, as I believe, solely to the difference of circumstances between the two countries that statesmen who are most popular and most generally respected are not those whose public exploits have consisted in successful efforts to extend the area of slavery at home and throughout the world, but in bursting asunder the chains of the bondman, scattering the clouds of ignorance, abolishing the remains of antique and semi-barbarous legislation, and doing all in their power to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

In the speech to which I direct your attention you will find an ample refutation of the hypocritical plea for a restoration of the slave trade, which pleads that one of the surest paths to Heaven is through the horrors of the middle-passage and a life of slavery on American or West Indian plantations. He shows that African immigration, under whatever name, is only another name for a restoration of the slave trade, and that the pleas for that trade and for the peculiar institution adduced by their champions in England sixty years ago are identical with those with which we are now so familiar from the extracts from Southern papers that are so abundantly supplied in the columns of THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*. Whether Lord Brougham feels the respect he expresses for Louis Napoleon, I do not know. Politicians and eminent public men probably find it necessary to veil under the courteous language of cautious diplomacy their real sentiments respecting "our august ally." For my part, I don't like a bone in his skin, and I very much doubt whether Lord Brougham's soft words will change the determination of that faithless and sanguinary usurper from his determination to restore slavery in the French West Indies. However this may be, the speech is most excellent in all other respects, and is full of good texts for Abolitionists and (which is pretty nearly synonymous) all truly practical men to preach. Though, to be sure, D. Y., who is a staunch Abolitionist and as practical as possible, hates preaching if it be any way preachy.

It will thrill your patriotic bosoms with delight to learn that "Nothing to Wear" has a great run in these parts—and that, though female extravagance here by no means equals what we hear of as prevailing on your side of the herring-pond, we are not without hope that good may be done by the clever jingle even in this "cold and cloudy clime."

Yours ever, RICHARD D. WEBB.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. No. CCIV. November, 1857. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

The contents of the number are as follows:

1. Gentile and Jew before Christ.
2. The Practical study of the Human Soul.
3. The war against time and space.
4. The doctrine of Christ the World's Judge.
5. Intuitive Morals.
6. Climatology.
7. The Gospel according to Paul.
8. Protest in Piedmont.
9. Review of Current Literature.
10. Literary Intelligence.
11. New Publications.
12. Index.

These various papers all bear the stamp of sound scholarship and earnest investigation. The one upon "Intuitive Morals" is a review of a work with that title, lately published in London, the author of which is understood to be a woman. It (the book) is pronounced "the ablest treatise on Morals in the English language—a treatise which engages itself successfully with the very difficulties which Whewell declines to touch upon, on the very ground which Mackintosh avoids, and clears away the mist which so puzzled poor Paley that he lost himself." This is high praise, and excites the hope that the work will speedily find an American publisher. The Review of Current Literature is admirable.

SLAVERY IN OREGON.—*The Tribune* publishes the following extract of a letter from an intelligent Republican in Oregon, who writes under date of Sept. 22:

"I see you express apprehensions of the success of the Free State cause in this Territory. You may safely dismiss all fears on that subject. It is true that the Territory is largely Democratic—say two to one—and it is equally certain that nearly, if not quite, all the leaders are pro-slavery men, and nothing prevents them from throwing the slavery banner to the breeze but a conviction of certain defeat. A considerable portion of the leaders—perhaps half, and the most candid half—are out avowedly for slavery, while the other portion are pretending to support a free State, but really are endeavouring to circumvent their brethren in dividing the spoils. The success of slavery would, of course, perpetuate Democratic success, but to attempt it and fail would be immediate death—hence they prefer tolerating in the rank and file slavery or free State principles, and trust to the future for party success.

"The Convention to form a State Constitution has just adjourned, and the instrument is to be submitted to the people for their approval in November. It provides for a distinct vote on the question of Slavery or Freedom; the latter will carry three to one, or I am no prophet."

Summary.

It is stated that Samuel G. Goodrich has obtained a verdict of $8,000 damages against a publishing firm for getting up books in the name of Peter Parley—Mr. Goodrich's *nom de plume*.

The ruffian who headed the party that robbed Rev. Mr. Nute is now pensioned by Government with a post-office, and no reparation has been ever offered for a loss of nearly five thousand dollars.

WOMAN STARVED TO DEATH IN PROVIDENCE.—Among the deaths in this city last week was that of a female in the Sixth ward, about forty years of age, whose physician's certificate states that the cause of her death was "want of nourishment." What a record for a city where the friends of foreign missions were so sumptuously entertained a few weeks ago.—*Providence Post, Nov.* 10.

A CHANCE FOR AN INFERENCE.—In passing down one of our back streets, a few days since, we overheard a colloquy between a couple of darkies, and were just in time to hear the following: "Now, lcok'er yer, Cubarlie, Jim mout be an honest nigger, and then again he mout not, but ef I was a chicken, and knowed dat he was 'bout de yard, I tell yer what, nigger, I'd roost high, I would." We were satisfied on the point of Jim's honesty, and, therefore, pursued our onward course.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

A NUT FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—A petition was presented to Judge Hudson, of Greenbrier County, on Tuesday, signed by old Willis, a free negro, formerly belonging to James Frazier, deceased, requesting permission of the Court to suffer him to become a slave again. It seems that Willis has tried life among the Abolitionists, and, having become convinced that negro freedom is a grand humbug, he desires to choose another master in the State of Virginia. He selected Mr. Thomas Pare as his master.—*The South.*

METHODIST CHURCH AND SLAVERY.—The Holston Conference of the M. E. Church South, at its recent Conference in Marion Va., rescinded that clause in the Discipline which prohibits the "buying and selling of men, women and children, for the purpose of enslaving them." The Knoxville *Whig* says there were over one hundred travelling preachers in the Conference, and only four voted against it. The proposition is to be submitted to the twenty-three Annual Conferences, South, before the meeting of the General Conference in May next, which convenes in Nashville.

FREE NEGROES OF VIRGINIA.—If we have succeeded in making ourselves intelligible, it will be seen from our previous articles that in the plan suggested for ridding the State of free negroes, it is recommended that the hiring and voluntary enslavement features be permitted to operate for a considerable time—say fifteen years. At the end of that time, if all the free negroes have not voluntarily removed, or voluntarily gone into slavery, or have not been removed by the fund accruing from their hire, and the other sources mentioned, it is then proposed that those remaining, if any there should be (which we think improbable, if a proper law be made), shall be forthwith sold into slavery.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Since the banks have "shut down" on the specie, some of the people hold on to what coin they get hold of, to the annoyance of the retail traders, who are importuned every hour to change a bill for a small purchase. Yesterday, a Celtic woman entered a grocery and called for a "cint's'orth o' sand." The article was measured out, and put into the customer's pail, who tendered a one dollar bill to take his pay out of. "I can't change that for so small an amount," exclaimed the grocer; "you may take the sand, and be welcome to it." "Indade, sir, it isn't the sand that I'm wanting at all; but it's the silver—the spashy that ye'll be giving me back."—*Boston Post.*

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.—The following nervous and brief epistle speaks for itself;

"SALEM, VA., *Oct.* 31, 1857.

"ED. ZION'S HERALD: You sent me a copy of your paper—don't do so again—don't want it, and advise you to mind your own business and let Border Methodists alone. Yours, &c.,

"JOSEPH R. WHEELER,

"Preacher in charge, Salem Circuit, Baltimore Conference, and hate abolitionism as I hate the Devil its Father."

We suspect our correspondent is mistaken about hating the devil; he exhibits too much of his temper.—*Zion's Herald.*

SLAVES IN MISSOURI.—A correspondent of the Missouri *Republican*, writing from Georgetown, Pettis County, Mo., Oct. 25th, 1857, says:

"This quiet little village is somewhat excited this morning in consequence of the announcement made that, on last night, three of Gen. George R. Smith's negroes, and a youth who called himself Henry Ward Spencer, left, taking with them five of the General's horses. Spencer came to Gen. Smith's several weeks ago, saying he came from the East, on his way to Kansas, and has been enjoying the General's hospitalities until last night. Said Spencer is about 18 years of age, small, slender stature (weighing about 100 pounds), of delicate appearance, light hair, an effeminate voice, and delicate appearance generally."

A PLEASANT AFFAIR.—One day last week, says the *Eastern Argus*, a merchant in Gardiner, Me., offered to give a barrel of flour to the Rev. Charles Blake, a Baptist minister in that city, provided the young ladies would haul it to him. To this they consented, and, having obtained a small pair of trucks, the barrel of flour was placed thereon, and about 40 young ladies took hold of the ropes and drew the barrel about half a mile, up one of the steepest hills in Gardiner, to the minister's house. The Gardiner Band, seeing what was going on, headed the procession, and played some excellent music. There was a large crowd to witness the proceedings, and a cabinet-maker brought out a very handsome rocking chair, which he fastened to the barrel, and let it go as an additional present to the minister.

ENLARGED ACCOMMODATIONS AT MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH.—The crowds that throng to hear Mr. Beecher at his church, in Orange street, come so constantly that permanent means of accommodation for them have been rendered indispensable. It has been determined to fill the aisles of the church with folding iron chairs, which will be placed in two rows, and at the close of service be folded back against the ends of the pews. One of these rows will be free; the other will be rented to regular sitters. The inconveniences attending the use of ordinary chairs, in a crowded congregation, will thus be obviated; while the revenues of the church will be helped by the addition of some hundreds of seats to the pew rent. The average of Mr. Beecher's audience is three thousand persons. Under the old arrangement, the church was far too small to hold all those who came.

GIRLS TO THE WEST.—Our reporter visited, on Monday, the Branch Office of the Children's Aid Society in Peter Cooper's building, where poor girls are being despatched West. There seemed at first a rush of common Irish servant girls, who were quickly sent back to the intelligence offices, being informed that this was especially an enterprise for seamstresses and factory girls now out of work. Then came the class for which this humane enterprise was especially designed, neat, thrifty-looking, intelligent girls from shops and factories of every kind. It was truly a moving spectacle to see so many modest and industrious girls as were present reduced to such a strait. Some had means to pay their passage to the West, if the Society would direct them; some could pay half the fare; many had no means at all, and we saw one neat young girl of seventeen who had no place to sleep in, and said she had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.—*Times.*

A SPIRITED BRIDE.—A couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church door. The gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her: "My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you much of my mind, but I have not told you the whole. When we are married, I shall insist upon three things." "What are they?" asked the lady. "In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault where there is no occasion. Can you submit to these conditions?" "O, yes, sir, very easily," was the reply, "for if you sleep alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shal eat first; and, as to your finding fault without occasion, that, I think, may be prevented, for I shall take care that you shall not want occasion." The conditions being thus adjusted, they proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

HARD MONEY.—It is rumoured that Mr. Buchanan, in his first annual message to Congress, will take bold ground on the currency question; that he will re-affirm the principles laid down so clearly in his celebrated speech on the Independent Treasury bill. He believes that it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution to establish a hard money currency, and that the action of Congress since has been a steady departure from that intention. It will be his object, then, to retrace the false steps taken, and to bring the Government back to the true ground.

The issue will be made in the next Congress, whether State banks have the constitutional power to issue circulating "promises to pay." There will be a large party to take the negative of the argument, who will not, it is said, yield until a decision has been given on the question by the Supreme Court of the United States. A general bankrupt law for the banks will be presented for action. This will provide a fixed legal course for putting into liquidation insolvent banks all over the Union.—*Wash. Cor. Phil. Press.*

The utter inborn villainy of man, the original sin of his nature, is especially exhibited by the boy Achrell, belonging to Jno. H. P. Cole, Esq., of Northampton County, N. C. Read what the following advertisement says:

"$20 REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, the 18th September, my man ACHRELL, who is about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, and will weigh from 140 to 150. Achrell is about fifty years old, of dark complexion, his head somewhat gray, there is no particular mark recollected on his person. He is a sawyer by trade, and is well acquainted in the County of Southampton, Nansemond and Isle of Wight. He may be on the line of the Norfolk Railroad. I will give the above reward to any person who will deliver him to me in Northampton City, North Carolina, near Boykin's Depot, Virginia, or secured in any jail, so I get him. He may attempt to pass as a free man, as he is rascal enough to do so. JNO. H. P. COLE.

"Northampton County, N. C."

Achrell, you execrable coloured ruffian! You professor of "glittering generalities," with the practice superadded! You rascal enough to pass yourself off as a free man! O, degenerate age, and impudent slave!—*Tribune.*

INFANT MORTALITY IN LARGE CITIES.—D. Meredith Reese, M. D., of New York, has rendered the public a valuable service in the preparation of a report to the American Medical Association, on infant mortality in large cities, the sources of its increase, and means of its diminution. The subject is treated with much ability, and it is to be hoped the startling facts embodied will be widely disseminated. Indubitable evidence exists that while infant mortality is diminishing in the cities of Europe, it "has attained gigantic proportions among us, and is increasing with amazing rapidity; and this, too, when the general salubrity of our climate, and the facilities for sustaining and preserving life with us, are superior to those possessed by any country on the globe." It is shown by a statistical table that the whole mortality of the last half century, in the City of New York, amounted to 363,242, while the number of deaths *under five years of age* was 176,043, or nearly 49 per cent. of the whole. The same table affords evidence of the fearful *increase* of infant mortality in the fact that while the number of deaths under five years was only 4,588 in the year 1843, it reached the fearful aggregate of 12,963 in the year 1853, only ten years subsequent, exceeding all the other interments for that year by 3,224.

THE EXPLORATION OF AFRICA, in which so much progress has been made of late years, is still pursued with vigour. In spite of the disastrous loss of life which attended the first attempt to explore the Niger upward from its mouth, that object is still zealously pursued. A new expedition has lately been fitted out for that purpose in the steam-propeller Day Spring, composed of fourteen Europeans, twenty-five natives of the countries on the Niger, and fifty Kroomen. It is intended to try the experiment of establishing trading posts on the banks of the river for the collection of cotton and other native produce. It is thought that the return to their native countries of captured Africans who have acquired the English language and obtained some ideas of European civilization may help a good deal in opening the way for a trade with those countries.

While the English are thus engaged on the Niger, the Portuguese have an expedition on foot for exploring the Congo. It is said to be under the command of an accomplished officer, who is directed to make a complete survey of the river.—*Trib.*

ANOTHER KANSAS COMING.—The organization of the Indian territory south of Kansas, of which the Cherokees are now the principal inhabitants, will probably come before Congress this winter. It will be recollected that Gov. Walker of Kansas, in one of his many messages, suggested to the slaveholders, as a consolation for the probable loss of Kansas, that the Indian country on the south would soon be open to them, and that they could, without doubt, make a slave State of that. John Ross, the head chief of the Cherokees, in his late annual message to the council of his tribe, alludes to the suggestion of Gov. Walker, and recommends that a delegate be sent to Washington to make final and definite arrangements with the Government. Neosho is the name proposed for the new Territory. One scheme is to cut it up into two or three Territories, to be made into slave States hereafter, and thus secure Southern preponderance in the U. S. Senate. As soon as it is opened for settlement there will naturally occur the same struggle between freedom and slavery in its settlement that has taken place in Kansas, and the National Democrats of the South will not lack political capital for some time to come, nor the North occasion for keeping up its backbone.—*Springfield Republican.*

AN INTERESTING ANNIVERSARY.—This day, Oct. 29, is the anniversary of Washington's visit to Salem in 1789. Sixty-eight years ago to-day, President Washington left Boston for Marblehead, and from Marblehead he came to Salem, proceeded through Court street to Federal street, thence to Boston street; and at Buffum's corner, Friend Wm. Northey, Chairman of the Selectmen, said: "Friend Washington, I am glad to see thee, and, in behalf of the inhabitants of the town of Salem, bid thee a hearty welcome." The writer of this, a school-boy of Mr. Hacker's school, with his hat off, in front of Major Joseph Sprague's house at the corner of Dean and Essex streets, heard Washington say: "Put on your hats, my men, you will get cold."

Washington rode the same white horse that he rode during the war, and the same black man, William, was with him at this time. Washington slept in the chamber at the south-east corner of the brick house of Joshua Ward, now owned by Dr. Fisk. I went down on the morning of the 30th, and saw him mount his horse for Beverly. On the right hand near Beverly bridge, Washington stopped at the window of a house and talked with John Symonds, who was then ninety-nine years and a half old. At Beverly he stopped at the house of Colonel Israel Thorndyke, and from thence went to the cotton factory in Beverly, near Baker's Tavern. From thence he took his departure for Portsmouth. The next day, on the upper road, he took his departure from Portsmouth home to Mount Vernon.—*Salem (Mass.) Register.*

Special Notices.

☞ ABBY KELLEY FOSTER'S Post-Office address for the future, is Worcester, Mass.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FAIR CIRCLE will meet at Miss Emma Parker's, No. 1227 Arch street, on Wednesday evening, the 25th inst., at 7 o'clock.

☞ A STATED MEETING OF THE CLARKSON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in "The People's Hall," on Seventh day, the 21st of November, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

ELIZABETH COATES, Secretary.

☞ THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION will be held during the Anniversary week of May, 1858, in New York City. In behalf of the Central Committee,

LUCY STONE, Secretary.

☞ TO THE FRIENDS OF THE FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY.—The Members of the Syracuse Fugitive Aid Society find it no longer convenient, nor necessary, to keep up their organization. The labour of sheltering those who flee from American tyranny, providing for their immediate wants, and helping them to find safe homes in this country or in Canada, must needs devolve, as it always has devolved, upon a very few individuals. Hitherto, since 1850, it has been done, for the most part, by Rev. J. W. Loguen. He, having been a slave and a fugitive himself, knows best how to provide for that class of s

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

From Sala's "Late Tour of Two Idle Apprentices."

"Mr. Goodchild," said Doctor Speddie, in a low voice, and with his former troubled expression of face, "I have seen that your attention has been concentrated on my friend."

"He fascinates me. I must apologize to you, but he has quite bewildered and mastered me."

"I find that a lonely existence and a long secret," said the Doctor, drawing his chair a little nearer to Mr. Goodchild's, "become in the course of time very heavy. I will tell you something. You may make what use you will of it under fictitious names. I know I may trust you. I am the more inclined to confidence to-night through having been unexpectedly led back, by the current of our conversation at the Inn, to scenes in my early life. Will you please to draw a little nearer?"

Mr. Goodchild drew a little nearer, and the Doctor went on thus: speaking, for the most part, in so cautious a voice that the wind, though it was far from high, occasionally got the better of him.

When this present nineteenth century was younger by a good many years than it is now, a certain friend of mine, named Arthur Holliday, happened to arrive in the town of Doncaster, exactly in the middle of the race-week, or, in other words, in the middle of the month of September. He was one of those reckless, rattle-pated, open-hearted and open-mouthed young gentlemen, who possess the gift of familiarity in its highest perfection, and who scramble carelessly along the journey of life, making friends, as the phrase is, wherever they go. His father was a rich manufacturer, and had bought landed property enough in one of the midland counties to make all the born squires in his neighbourhood thoroughly envious of him. Arthur was his only son, possessor in prospect of the great estate and the great business after his father's death; well supplied with money, and not too rigidly looked after, during his father's lifetime. Report, or scandal, whichever you please, said that the old gentleman had been rather wild in his youthful days, and that, unlike most parents, he was not disposed to be violently indignant when he found that his son took after him. This may be true or not. I myself only knew the elder Mr. Holliday when he was getting on in years; and then he was as quiet and as respectable a gentleman as ever I met with.

Well, one September, as I told you, young Arthur comes to Doncaster, having decided all of a sudden, in his hare-brained way, that he would go to the races. He did not reach the town till toward the close of the evening, and he went at once to see about his dinner and bed at the principal hotel. Dinner they were ready enough to give him; but as for a bed, they laughed when he mentioned it. In the race week at Doncaster, it is no uncommon thing for visitors who have not bespoken apartments to pass the night in their carriages at the inn doors. As for the lower sort of strangers, I myself have often seen them, at that full time, sleeping out on the doorsteps for want of a covered place to creep under. Rich as he was, Arthur's chance of getting a night's lodging (seeing that he had not written beforehand to secure one) was more than doubtful. He tried the second hotel, and the third hotel, and two of the inferior inns after that; and was met everywhere by the same form of answer. No accommodation for the night of any sort was left. All the bright golden sovereigns in his pocket would not buy him a bed at Doncaster in the race-week.

To a young fellow of Arthur's temperament, the novelty of being turned away into the street, like a penniless vagabond, at every house where he asked for a lodging, presented itself in the light of a new and highly amusing piece of experience. He went on, with his carpet-bag in his hand, applying for a bed at every place of entertainment for travellers that he could find in Doncaster, until he wandered into the outskirts of the town. By this time the last glimmer of twilight had faded out, the moon was rising dimly in a mist, the wind was getting cold, the clouds were gathering heavily, and there was every prospect that it was soon going to rain.

The look of the night had rather a lowering effect on young Holliday's good spirits. He began to contemplate the houseless situation in which he was placed, from the serious rather than the humorous point of view; and he looked about him for another public house to inquire at, with something very like downright anxiety in his mind on the subject of a lodging for the night. The suburban part of the town toward which he had now strayed was hardly lighted at all, and he could see nothing of the houses as he passed them, except that they grew progressively smaller and dirtier, the further he went. Down the winding road before him shone the dull gleam of an oil lamp, the one faint, lonely light that struggled ineffectually with the foggy darkness all round him. He resolved to go on as far as this lamp, and then, if it showed him nothing in the shape of an Inn, to return to the central part of the town and to try if he could not at least secure a chair to sit down on, through the night, at one of the principal Hotels.

As he got near the lamp, he heard voices; and, walking close under, found that it lighted the entrance to a narrow court, on the wall of which was painted a long hand in faded flesh-colour, pointing, with a lean forefinger, to this inscription:

THE TWO ROBINS.

Arthur turned into the court without hesitation, to see what The Two Robins could do for him. Four or five men were standing together round the door of the house, which was at the bottom of the court, facing the entrance from the street. The men were all listening to one other man, better dressed than the rest, who was telling his audience something in a low voice, in which they were apparently very much interested.

On entering the passage, Arthur was passed by a stranger with a knapsack in his hand, who was evidently leaving the house.

"No," said the traveller with the knapsack, turning round and addressing himself cheerfully to a fat, sly-looking, bald-headed man, with a dirty white apron on, who had followed him down the passage. "No, Mr. Landlord, I am not easily scared by trifles; but, I don't mind confessing that I can't quite stand *that*."

It occurred to young Holliday, the moment he heard these words, that the stranger had been asked an exorbitant price for a bed at The Two Robins; and that he was unable or unwilling to give it. The moment his back was turned, Arthur, comfortably conscious of his own well-filled pockets, addressed himself in a great hurry, for fear any other benighted traveller should slip in and forestall him, to the sly-looking landlord with the dirty apron and the bald head.

"If you have got a bed to let," he said, "and if that gentleman who has just gone out won't pay you your price for it, I will."

The sly landlord looked hard at Arthur.

"Will you, sir?" he asked, in a meditative, doubtful way.

"Name your price," said young Holliday, thinking that the landlord's hesitation sprang from some boorish distrust of him. "Name your price, and I'll give you the money at once, if you like."

"Are you game for five shillings?" inquired the landlord, rubbing his stubbly double chin, and looking up thoughtfully at the ceiling above him.

Arthur nearly laughed in the man's face; but, thinking it prudent to control himself, offered the five shillings as seriously as he could. The sly landlord held out his hand, then suddenly drew it back again.

"You're acting all fair and above-board by me," he said; "and, before I take your money, I'll do the same by you. Look here, this is the way it stands. You can have a bed all to yourself for five shillings; but you can't have more than a half-share of the room it stands in. Do you see what I mean, young gentleman?"

"Of course I do," returned Arthur, a little irritably. "You mean that it is a double-bedded room, and that one of the beds is occupied."

The landlord nodded his head and rubbed his double chin harder than ever. Arthur hesitated, and mechanically moved back a step or two toward the door. The idea of sleeping in the same room with a total stranger did not present an attractive prospect to him. He felt more than half inclined to drop his five shillings into his pocket, and to go out into the street once more.

"Is it yes or no?" asked the landlord. "Settle it as quick as you can, because there's lots of people wanting a bed at Doncaster to-night, beside you."

Arthur looked toward the court, and heard the rain falling heavily in the street outside. He thought he would ask a question or two before he rashly decided on leaving the shelter of The Two Robins.

"What sort of a man is it who has got the other bed?" he inquired. "Is he a gentleman? I mean, is he a quiet, well-behaved person?"

"The quietest man I ever came across," said the landlord, rubbing his fat hands stealthily one over the other. "As sober as a judge, and as regular as clock-work in his business. It hasn't struck nine not ten minutes ago, and he's in his bed already. I don't know whether that comes up to your notion of a quiet man: it goes a long way ahead of mine, I can tell you."

"Is he asleep, do you think?" asked Arthur.

"I know he's asleep," returned the landlord. "And what's more, he's gone off so fast that I'll warrant you don't wake him. This way, sir," said the landlord, speaking over young Holliday's shoulder, as if he was addressing some new guest who was approaching the house.

"Here you are," said Arthur, determined to be beforehand with the stranger, whoever he might be. "I'll take the bed." And he handed the five shillings to the landlord, who nodded, dropped the money carelessly into his waistcoat-pocket, and lighted a candle.

"Come up and see the room," said the host of The Two Robins, leading the way to the staircase quite briskly, considering how fat he was.

They mounted to the second floor of the house. The landlord half opened a door, fronting the landing, then stopped, and turned round to Arthur.

"It's a fair bargain, mind, on my side as well as on yours," he said. "You give me five shillings; I give you in return a clean, comfortable bed; and I warrant, beforehand, that you won't be interfered with, or annoyed in any way, by the man who sleeps in the same room with you." Saying these words, he looked hard, for a moment, in young Holliday's face, and then led the way into the room.

It was larger and cleaner than Arthur had expected it would be. The two beds stood parallel with each other—a space of about six feet intervening between them. They were both of the same medium size, and both had the same white plain curtains, made to draw, if necessary, all round them. The occupied bed was the bed nearest the window. The curtains were all drawn round this, except the half curtain at the bottom, on the side of the bed farthest from the window. Arthur saw the feet of the sleeping man raising the scanty clothes into a sharp little eminence, as if he was lying flat on his back. He took the candle, and advanced softly to draw the curtain—stopped half way, and listened for a moment—then turned to the landlord.

"He's a very quiet sleeper," said Arthur.

"Yes," said the landlord, "very quiet."

"How pale he is!" said Arthur.

Young Holliday advanced with the candle and looked in at the man cautiously.

"Yes," returned the landlord, "pale enough, isn't he?"

Arthur looked closer at the man. The bed-clothes were drawn up to his chin, and they lay perfectly still over the region of his chest. Surprised and vaguely startled, as he noticed this, Arthur stooped down closer over the stranger; looked at his ashy, parted lips; listened breathlessly for an instant; looked again at the strangely still face, and the motionless lips and chest; and turned round suddenly on the landlord, with his own cheeks as pale for the moment as the hollow cheeks of the man on the bed.

"Come here," he whispered, under his breath—"come here, for God's sake! The man's not asleep—he is dead!"

"You have found that out sooner than I thought you would," said the landlord, composedly. "Yes, he's dead, sure enough. He died at five o'clock to-day."

"How did he die? Who is he?" asked Arthur, staggered, for the moment, by the audacious coolness of the answer.

"As to who he is," rejoined the landlord, "I know no more about him than you do. There are his books and letters and things, all sealed up in that brown paper parcel, for the Coroner's inquest to open to-morrow or next day. He's been here a week, paying his way fairly enough, stopping in-doors, for the most part, as if he was ailing. My girl brought him up his tea at five to-day; and as he was pouring of it out, he fell down in a faint, or a fit, or a compound of both, for anything I know. We could not bring him to—and I said he was dead. And the doctor couldn't bring him to—and the doctor said he was dead. And there he is. And the Coroner's inquest's coming as soon as it can. And that's as much as I know about it."

Arthur held the candle close to the man's lips. The flame still burnt straight up, as steadily as ever. There was a moment of silence; and the rain pattered drearily through it against the panes of the window.

"If you haven't got nothing more to say to me," continued the landlord, "I suppose I may go. You don't expect your five shillings back, do you? There's the bed I promised you, clean and comfortable. There's the man I warranted not to disturb you, quiet in this world forever. If you're frightened to stop alone with him, that's not my look out. I've kept my part of the bargain, and I mean to keep the money. I'm not Yorkshire, myself, young gentleman; but I've lived long enough in these parts to have my wits sharpened; and I shouldn't wonder if you found out the way to brighten up yours, next time you come among us." With these words, the landlord turned toward the door, and laughed to himself softly, in high satisfaction at his own sharpness.

Startled and shocked as he was, Arthur had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to feel indignant at the trick that had been played on him, and at the insolent manner in which the landlord exulted in it.

"Don't laugh," he said sharply, "till you are quite sure you have got the laugh against me. You shan't have the five shillings for nothing, my man. I'll keep the bed."

"Will you?" said the landlord. "Then I wish you a good night's rest." With that brief farewell, he went out, and shut the door after him.

A good night's rest! The words had hardly been spoken, the door had hardly been closed, before Arthur half repented the hasty words that had just escaped him. Though not naturally over-sensitive, and not wanting in courage of the moral as well as the physical sort, the presence of the dead man had an instantaneously chilling effect on his mind when he found himself alone in the room—alone, and bound by his own rash words to stay there till the next morning. An older man would have thought nothing of those words, and would have acted, without reference to them, as his calmer sense suggested. But Arthur was too young to treat the ridicule, even of his inferiors, with contempt—too young not to fear the momentary humiliation of falsifying his own foolish boast more than he feared the trial of watching out the long night in the same chamber with the dead.

"It is but a few hours," he thought to himself, "and I can get away the first thing in the morning."

He was looking toward the occupied bed as that thought passed through his mind, and the sharp angular eminence made in the clothes by the dead man's upturned feet again caught his eye. He advanced and drew the curtains, purposely abstaining, as he did so, from looking at the face of the corpse, least he might unnerve himself at the outset by fixing some ghastly impression of it on his mind. He drew the curtain very gently, and sighed involuntarily as he closed it. "Poor fellow," he said, almost as sadly as if he had known the man. "Ah, poor fellow!"

He went next to the window, the night was black, and he could see nothing from it. The rain still pattered heavily against the glass. He inferred, from hearing it, that the window was at the back of the house; remembering that the front was sheltered from the weather by the court and the buildings over it.

While he was still standing at the window—for even the dreary rain was a relief, because of the sound it made; a relief, also, because it moved, and had some faint suggestion, in consequence, of life and companionship in it—while he was standing at the window, looking vacantly into the black darkness outside, he heard a distant church clock strike ten. Only ten! How was he to pass the time till the house was astir the next morning?

Under any other circumstances, he would have gone down to the public house parlour, would have called for his grog, and would have laughed and talked with the company assembled as familiarly as if he had known them all his life. But the very thought of whiling away the time in this manner was now distasteful to him. The new situation in which he was placed seemed to have altered him to himself already. Thus far his life had been the common, trifling, prosaic, surface-life of a prosperous young man, with no troubles to conquer, and no trials to face. He had lost no relation whom he loved, no friend whom he treasured. Till this night, what share he had of the immortal inheritance that is divided among us all had lain dormant within him. Till this night, Death and he had not once met, even in thought.

He took a few turns up and down the room—then stopped. The noise made by his boots on the poorly-carpeted floor jarred on his ear. He hesitated a little, and ended by taking the boots off, and walking backward and forward noiselessly. All desire to sleep or rest had left him. The bare thought of lying down on the unoccupied bed instantly drew the picture on his mind of a dreadful mimicry of the position of the dead man. Who was he? What was the story of his past life? Poor he must have been, or he would not have stopped at such a place as the Two Robins Inn—and weakened, probably, by long illness, or he could hardly have died in the manner which the landlord had described. Poor, ill, lonely—dead in a strange place; dead, with nobody but a stranger to pity him. A sad story; truly, on the mere face of it, a very sad story.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he had stopped insensibly at the window, close to which stood the foot of the bed with the closed curtains. At first he looked at it absently; then he became conscious that his eyes were fixed on it; and then, a perverse desire took possession of him to do the very thing which he had resolved not to do up to this time—to look at the dead man.

He stretched out his hand toward the curtains; but checked himself in the very act of undrawing them, turned his back sharply on the bed and walked toward the chimney-piece, to see what things were placed in it, and to try if he could keep the dead man out of his mind in that way.

There was a pewter inkstand on the chimney-piece, with some mildewed remains of ink in the bottle. There were two coarse china ornaments of the commonest kind; and there was a square of embossed card, dirty and fly-blown, with a collection of wretched riddles printed on it, in all sorts of zig-zag directions, and in variously coloured inks. He took the card, and went away, to read it, to the table on which the candle was placed; sitting down, with his back resolutely turned to the curtained bed.

He read the first riddle, the second, the third, all in one corner of the card—then turned it round impatiently to look at another. Before he could begin reading the riddles printed here, the sound of the church-clock stopped him. Eleven. He had got through an hour of the time, in the room with the dead man.

Once more he looked at the card. It was not easy to make out the letters printed on it, in consequence of the dimness of the light which the landlord had left him—a common tallow candle, furnished with a pair of heavy old-fashioned steel snuffers. Up to this time, his mind had been too much occupied to think of the light. He had left the wick of the candle unsnuffed, till it had risen higher than the flame, and had burnt into an odd pent-house shape at the top, from which morsels of the charred cotton fell off, from time to time, in little flakes. He took up the snuffers now, and trimmed the wick. The light brightened directly, and the room became less dismal.

Again he turned to the riddles; reading them doggedly and resolutely, now in one corner of the card, now in another. All his efforts, however, could not fix his attention on them. He pursued his occupation mechanically, deriving no sort of impression from what he was reading. It was as if a shadow from the curtained bed had got between his mind and the gayly printed letters—a shadow that nothing could dispel. At last he gave up the struggle, and threw the card from him impatiently, and took to walking softly up and down the room again.

The dead man, the dead man, the *hidden* dead man on the bed! There was the one persistent idea still haunting him. Hidden! Was it only the body being there, or was it the body being there concealed, that was preying on his mind. He stopped at the window, with that doubt in him; once more listening to the pattering rain, once more looking out into the black darkness.

Still the dead man! The darkness forced his mind back upon itself, and set his memory at work, reviving, with a painfully-vivid distinctness, the momentary impression it had received from his first sight of the corpse. Before long the face seemed to be hovering out in the middle of the darkness, confronting him through the window, with the paleness whiter, with the dreadful dull line of light between the imperfectly-closed eyelids broader than he had seen it—with the parted lips slowly dropping further and further away from each other—with the features growing larger and moving closer, till they seemed to fill the window and to silence the rain, and to shut out the night.

The sound of a voice, shouting below stairs, woke him suddenly from the dream of his own distempered fancy. He recognised it as the voice of the landlord. "Shut up at twelve, Ben," he heard it say. "I'm off to bed."

He wiped away the damp that had gathered on his forehead, reasoned with himself for a little while, and resolved to shake his mind free of the ghastly counterfeit which still clung to it, by forcing himself to confront, if it was only for a moment, the solemn reality. Without allowing himself an instant to hesitate, he parted the curtains at the foot of the bed, and looked through.

There was the sad, peaceful, white face, with the awful mystery of stillness on it, laid back upon the pillow. No stir, no change there! He only looked at it for a moment before he closed the curtains again; but that moment steadied him, calmed him, restored him—mind and body—to himself.

He returned to his old occupation of walking up and down the room; persevering in it, this time, till the clock struck again. Twelve.

As the sound of the clock-bell died away, it was succeeded by the confused noise, down stairs, of the drinkers in the tap-room leaving the house. The next sound, after an interval of silence, was caused by the barring of the door, and the closing of the shutters, at the back of the Inn. Then the silence followed again, and was disturbed no more.

He was alone now—absolutely, utterly, alone with the dead man till the next morning.

The wick of the candle wanted trimming again. He took up the snuffers—but paused suddenly on the very point of using them, and looked attentively at the candle—then back, over his shoulder, at the curtained bed—then back at the candle. It had been lighted, for the first time, to show him the way up stairs, and three parts of it, at least, were already consumed. In another hour it would be burnt out. In another hour, unless he called at once to the man who had shut up the Inn for a fresh candle, he would be left in the dark.

Strongly as his mind had been affected since he had entered the room, his unreasonable dread of encountering ridicule, and of exposing his courage to suspicion, had not altogether lost its influence over him, even yet. He lingered irresolutely by the table, waiting till he could prevail on himself to open the door, and call, from the landing, to the man who had shut up the Inn. In his present hesitating frame of mind, it was a kind of relief to gain a few moments only by engaging in the trifling occupation of snuffing the candle. His hand trembled a little, and the snuffers were heavy and awkward to use. When he closed them on the wick, he closed them a hair's breadth too low. In an instant the candle was out, and the room was plunged in pitch darkness.

The one impression which the absence of light immediately produced on his mind, was distrust of the curtained bed—distrust which shaped itself into no distinct idea, but which was powerful enough, in its very vagueness, to bind him down to his chair, to make his heart beat fast, and to set him listening intently. No sound stirred in the room but the familiar sound of the rain against the window, louder and shaper now than he had heard it yet.

Still the vague distrust, the inexpressible dread possessed him, and kept him in his chair. He had put his carpet-bag on the table, when he first entered the room; and he now took the key from his pocket, reached out his hand softly, opened the bag, and groped in it for his travelling writing-case, in which he knew that there was a small store of matches. When he had got one of the matches, he waited before he struck it on the coarse wooden table, and listened intently again, without knowing why. Still there was no sound in the room but the steady, ceaseless, rattling sound of the rain.

He lighted the candle again, without another moment of delay; and, on the instant of its burning up, the first object in the room that his eyes sought for was the curtained bed.

Just before the light had been put out he had looked in that direction, and had seen no change, no derangement of any sort, in the folds of the closely-drawn curtains.

When he looked at the bed now, he saw, hanging over the side of it, a long, white hand.

It lay perfectly motionless, midway on the side of the bed where the curtains at the head and the curtains at the foot met. Nothing more was visible. The clinging curtains hid everything but the long white hand.

He stood looking at it unable, to stir, unable to call out; feeling nothing, knowing nothing; every faculty he possessed gathered up and lost in the one seeing faculty. How long that first panic held him he never could tell afterward. It might have been only for a moment; it might have been for many minutes together. How he got to the bed—whether he ran to it headlong, or whether he approached it slowly—how he wrought himself up to unclose the curtains and look in, he has never remembered, and never will remember to his dying day. It is enough that he did go to the bed, and that he did look inside the curtains.

The man had moved. One of his arms was outside the clothes; his face was turned a little on the pillow; his eyelids were wide open. Changed as to position, and as to one of the features, the face was otherwise fearfully and wonderfully unaltered. The dead paleness and the dead quiet were on it still.

One glance showed Arthur this—one glance, before he flew breathlessly to the door and alarmed the house.

The man whom the landlord called "Ben" was the first to appear on the stairs. In three words Arthur told him what had happened, and sent him for the nearest doctor.

I, who tell you this story, was then staying with a medical friend of mine, in practice at Doncaster, taking care of his patients for him, during his absence in London; and I, for the time being, was the nearest doctor. They had sent for me from the Inn, when the stranger was taken ill in the afternoon; but I was not at home, and medical assistance was sought for elsewhere. When the man from The Two Robins rang the night-bell, I was just thinking of going to bed. Naturally enough, I did not believe a word of his story about "a dead man who had come to life again." However, I put on my hat, armed myself with one or two bottles of restorative medicine, and ran to the Inn, expecting to find nothing more remarkable when I got there than a patient in a fit.

My surprise at finding that the man had spoken the literal truth was almost, if not quite, equalled by my astonishment at finding myself face to face with Arthur Holliday as soon as I entered the bed-room. It was no time then for giving or seeking explanations. We just shook hands amazedly; and then I ordered everybody but Arthur out of the room, and hurried to the man on the bed.

The kitchen fire had not been long out. There was plenty of hot water in the boiler, and plenty of flannel to be had. With these, with my medicines, and with such help as Arthur could render under my direction, I dragged the man, literally, out of the jaws of death. In less than an hour from the time when I had been called in, he was alive and talking in the bed on which he had been laid out to wait for the Coroner's inquest.

You will naturally ask me, what had been the matter with him; and I might treat you, in reply, to a long theory, plentifully sprinkled with, what the children call, hard words. I prefer telling you that, in this case, cause and effect could not be satisfactorily joined together by any theory whatever. There are mysteries in life, and the conditions of it, which human science has not fathomed yet; and I candidly confess to you that, in bringing that man back to existence, I was, morally speaking, groping haphazard in the dark. I know (from the testimony of the doctor who attended him in the afternoon) that the vital machinery, so far as its action is appreciable by our senses, had, in this case, unquestionably stopped; and I am equally certain (seeing that I recovered him) that the vital principle was not extinct. When I add, that he had suffered from a long and complicated illness, and that his whole nervous system was utterly deranged, I have told you all I really know of the physical condition of my dead-alive patient at the Two Robins Inn.

When he "came to," as the phrase goes, he was a startling object to look at, with his colourless face, his sunken cheeks, his wild black eyes, and his long black hair. The first question he asked about himself, when he could speak, made me suspect that I had been called in to a man in my own profession. I mentioned to him my surmise; and he told me that I was right.

He said he had come last from Paris, where he had been attached to a hospital; that he had lately returned to England, on his way to Edinburgh, to continue his studies; that he had been taken ill on the journey; and that he had stopped to rest and recover himself at Doncaster. He did not add a word about his name, or who he was; and, of course, I did not question him on the subject. All I inquired, when he ceased speaking, was what branch of the profession he intended to follow.

"Any branch," he said bitterly, "which will put bread into the mouth of a poor man."

At this, Arthur, who had been hitherto watching him in silent curiosity, burst out impetuously in his usual good-humoured way:

"My dear fellow!" (everybody was "my dear fellow" with Arthur) "now you have come to life again, don't begin by being down-hearted about your prospects. I'll answer for it, I can help you to some capital thing in the medical line—or, if I can't, I know my father can."

The medical student looked at him steadily.

"Thank you," he said coldly. Then added, "May I ask who your father is?"

"He's well enough known all about this part of the country," replied Arthur. "He is a great manufacturer, and his name is Holliday."

My hand was on the man's wrist during this brief conversation. The instant the name of Holliday was pronounced, I felt the pulse under my fingers flutter, stop, go on suddenly with a bound, and beat afterward, for a minute or two, at the fever rate.

"How did you come here?" asked the stranger, quickly, excitedly, passionately almost.

Arthur related briefly what had happened from the time of his first taking the bed at the inn.

"I am indebted to Mr. Holliday's son, then, for the help that has saved my life," said the medical student, speaking to himself, with a singular sarcasm in his voice. "Come here!"

He held out, as he spoke, his long, white, bony right hand.

"With all my heart," said Arthur, taking the hand cordially. "I may confess it now," he continued, laughing. "Upon my honour, you almost frightened me out of my wits."

The stranger did not seem to listen. His wild black eyes were fixed with a look of eager interest on Arthur's face, and his long bony fingers kept tight hold on Arthur's hand. Young Holliday, on his side, returned the gaze, amazed and puzzled by the medical student's odd language and manners. The two faces were close together; I looked at them; and, to my astonishment, I was suddenly impressed by the sense of a likeness between them—not in features, or complexion, but solely in expression. It must have been a strong likeness, or I should certainly not have found it out, for I am naturally slow at detecting resemblances between faces.

"You have saved my life," said the strange man, still looking hard in Arthur's face, still holding tightly by his hand. "If you had been my own brother, you could not have done more for me than that."

He laid a singularly strong emphasis on those three words, "my own brother," and a change passed over his face as he pronounced them—a change that no language of mine is competent to describe.

"I hope I have not done being of service to you yet," said Arthur. "I'll speak to my father, as soon as I get home."

"You seem to be fond and proud of your father," said the medical student. "I suppose, in return, he is fond and proud of you?"

"Of course, he is!" answered Arthur, laughing. "Is there anything wonderful in that? Isn't *your* father fond—"

The stranger suddenly dropped young Holliday's hand, and turned his face away.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur. "I hope I have not unintentionally pained you. I hope you have not lost your father?"

"I can't well lose what I never had," retorted the medical student, with a harsh mocking laugh.

"What you have never had!"

The strange man suddenly caught Arthur's hand again, suddenly looked once more hard in his face.

"Yes," he said, with a repetition of the bitter laugh. "You have brought a poor devil back into the world, who has no business there. Do I astonish you? Well! I have a fancy of my own in telling you what men in my situation generally keep a secret. I have no name and no father. The merciful law of Society tells me I am Nobody's Son! Ask your father if he will be my father too, and help me on in life with the family name."

Arthur looked at me more puzzled than ever. I signed to him to say nothing, and then laid my fingers again on the man's wrist. No! In spite of the extraordinary speech that he had made, he was not, as I had been disposed to suspect, beginning to be light-headed. His pulse, by this time, had fallen back to a quiet, slow beat, and his skin was moist and cool. Not a symptom of fever or agitation about him.

Finding that neither of us answered him, he turned to me, and began talking of the extraordinary nature of his case, and asking my advice about the future course of medical treatment to which he ought to subject himself. I said the matter required careful thinking over, and suggested that I should submit certain prescriptions to him the next morning. He told me to write them at once, as he would, most likely, be leaving Doncaster in the morning, before I was up. It was quite useless to represent to him the folly and danger of such a proceeding as this. He heard me politely and patiently, but held to his resolution, without offering any reasons or any explanations, and repeated to me, that if I wished to give him a chance of seeing my prescription, I must write it at once. Hearing this, Arthur volunteered the loan of a travelling writing-case, which, he said, he had with him; and, bringing it to the bed, shook the note-paper out of the pocket of the case forthwith in his usual careless way. With the paper, there fell out on the counterpane of the bed a small packet of sticking plaster, and a little water-colour drawing of a landscape.

The medical student took up the drawing and looked at it. His eye fell on some initials neatly written, in cipher, in one corner. He started, and trembled; his pale face grew whiter than ever; his wild black eyes turned on Arthur, and looked through and through him.

"A pretty drawing," he said, in a remarkably quiet tone of voice.

"Ah! and done by such a pretty girl," said Arthur. "Oh, such a pretty girl! I wish it was not a landscape—I wish it was a portrait of her!"

"You admire her very much?"

Arthur, half in jest, half in earnest, kissed his hand for answer.

"Love at first sight!" he said, putting the drawing away again. "But the course of it doesn't run smooth. It's the old story. She's monopolized as usual. Trammelled by a rash engagement to some poor man who is never likely to get money enough to marry her. It was lucky I heard of it in time, or I should certainly have risked a declaration when she gave me that drawing. Here, doctor! Here is pen, ink and paper all ready for you."

"When she gave you that drawing? Gave it. Gave it." He repeated the words slowly to himself, and suddenly closed his eyes. A momentary distortion passed across his face, and I saw one of his hands clutch up the bed-clothes and squeeze them hard. I thought he was going to be ill again, and begged that there might be no more talking. He opened his eyes when I spoke, fixed them once more searchingly on Arthur, and said, slowly and distinctly, "You like her, and she likes you. The poor man may die out of your way. Who can tell that she may not give you herself as well as her drawing, after all?"

Before young Holliday could answer, he turned to me, and said, in a whisper, "Now for the prescription." From that time, though he spoke to Arthur again, he never looked at him more.

When I had written the prescription, he examined it, approved of it, and then astonished us both by abruptly wishing us good night. I offered to sit up with him, but he shook his head. Arthur offered to sit up with him, and he said, shortly, with his face turned away, "No." I insisted on having somebody left to watch him. He gave way when he found I was determined, and said he would accept the services of the waiter of the inn.

"Thank you, both," he said, as we rose to go. "I have one last favour to ask—not of you, doctor, for I leave you to exercise your professional discretion—but of Mr. Holliday. His eyes, while he spoke, still rested steadily on me, and never once turned toward Arthur. "I beg that Mr. Holliday will not mention to any one—least of all to his father—the events that have occurred, and the words that have passed, in this room. I entreat him to bury me in his memory, as, but for him, I might have been buried in my grave. I cannot give my reasons for making this strange request. I can only implore him to grant it."

His voice faltered for the first time, and he hid his face on the pillow. Arthur, completely bewildered, gave the required pledge. I took young Holliday away with me, immediately afterward, to the house of my friend; determining to go back to the inn, and to see the medical student again before he had left in the morning.

I returned to the inn at 8 o'clock, purposely abstaining from waking Arthur, who was sleeping off the past night's excitement on one of my friend's sofas. A suspicion occurred to me as soon as I was alone in my bedroom, which made me resolve that Holliday and the stranger whose life he had saved should not meet again, if I could prevent it. I have already alluded to certain reports or scandals which I knew of, relating to the early life of Arthur's father. While I was thinking, in my bed, of what had passed at the Inn—of the change in the student's pulse when he heard the name of Holliday; of the resemblance of expression I had discovered between his face and Arthur's; of the emphasis he had on those three words, "my own brother"; and of his incomprehensible acknowledgment of his own illegitimacy—while I was thinking of these things, the reports I have mentioned suddenly flew into my mind, and linked themselves fast to the chain of my previous reflections. Something within me whispered, "It is best that those two young men should not meet again." I felt it before I slept; I felt it when I woke; and I went, as I told you, alone to the Inn the next morning.

I had missed my only opportunity of seeing my nameless patient again. He had been gone nearly an hour when I inquired for him.

I have now told you everything that I know for certain, in relation to the man whom I brought back to life in the double-bedded room of the Inn at Doncaster. What I have next to add is matter for inference and surmise, and is not, strictly speaking, matter of fact.

I have to tell you, first, that the medical student turned out to be strangely and unaccountably right in assuming it as more than probable that Arthur Holliday would marry the young lady who had given him the water-coloured drawing of the landscape. That marriage took place a little more than a year after the events occurred which I have just been relating. The young people came to live in the neighbourhood in which I was then established in practice. I was present at the wedding, and was rather surprised to find that Arthur was singularly reserved with me, both before and after his marriage, on the subject of the young lady's prior engagement. He only referred to it once, when we were alone, merely telling me, on that occasion, that his wife had done all that honour and duty required of her in the matter, and that the engagement had been broken off with the full approval of her parents. I never heard more from him than this. For three years he and his wife lived together happily. At the expiration of that time, the symptoms of a serious illness first declared themselves in Mrs. Arthur Holliday. It turned out to be a loog, lingering, hopeless malady. I attended her throughout. We had been great friends when she was well, and we became more attached to each other than ever when she was ill. I had many long and interesting conversations with her in the intervals when she suffered least. The result of one of those conversations I may briefly relate, leaving you to draw any inferences from it you please.

The interview to which I refer occurred shortly before her death. I called one evening, as usual, and found her alone, with a look in her eyes which told me that she had been crying. She only informed me, at first, that she had been depressed in spirits; but, by little and little, she became more communicative, and confessed to me that she had been looking over some old letters which had been addressed to her, before she had seen Arthur, by a man to whom she had been engaged to be married. I asked her how the engagement came to be broken off. She replied that it had not been broken off, but that it had died out in a very mysterious way. The person to whom she was engaged—her first love, she called him—was very poor, and there was no immediate prospect of their being married. He followed my profession, and went abroad to study. They had corresponded regularly until the time when, as she believed, he had returned to England. From that period, she heard no more of him. He was of a fretful, sensitive temperament; and she feared that she might have inadvertently done or said something that had offended him. However that might be, he had never written to her again; and, after waiting a year, she had married Arthur. I asked when the first estrangement had begun, and found that the time at which she ceased to hear anything of her first lover exactly corresponded with the time at which I had been called in to my mysterious patient at The Two Robins Inn.

A fortnight after that conversation, she died. In course of time, Arthur married again. Of late years, he has lived principally in London, and I have seen little or nothing of him.

I have many years to pass over before I can approach to anything like a conclusion of this fragmentary narrative. And even when that latter period is reached, the little that I have to say will not occupy your attention for more than a few minutes. Between six and seven years ago, the gentleman to whom I introduced you in this room came to me, with good professional recommendations, to fill the position of my assistant. We met, not like strangers, but like friends—the only difference between us being that I was very much surprised to see him, and that he did not appear to be at all surprised to see me. If he was my son or my brother I believe he could not be fonder of me than he is; but he has never volunteered any confidences since he has been here, on the subject of his past life. I saw something that was familiar to me in his face when we first met; and yet it was also something that suggested the idea of change. I had a notion once that my patient at the Inn might be a natural son of Mr. Holliday's; I had another idea that he might also have been the man who was engaged to Arthur's first wife; and I have a third idea, still clinging to me, that Mr. Lorn is the only man in England who could enlighten me, if he chose, on both those doubtful points. His hair is not black now, and his eyes are dimmer than the piercing eyes that I remembered, but, for all that, he is very like the nameless medical student of my young days—very like him. And, sometimes, when I come home late at night and find him asleep, and wake him, he looks, in coming to, wonderfully like the stranger at Doncaster, as he raised himself in the bed on that memorable night!

The doctor paused. Mr. Goodchild, who had been following every word that fell from his lips up to this time, leaned forward eagerly to ask a question. Before he could say a word, the latch of the door was raised, without any warning sound of footsteps in the passage outside. A long, white, bony hand appeared through the opening, gently pushing the door, which was prevented from working freely on its hinges by a fold in the carpet under it.

"That hand! Look at that hand, Doctor!" said Mr. Goodchild, touching him.

At the same moment the doctor looked at Mr. Goodchild and whispered to him significantly:

"Hush! he has come back!"

PARODIES UPON EMERSON.

BRAHMA AND MUMBO JUMBO.

To the Editors of The Ohio State Journal.

"Ah, that has the right ring!" shouted my friend, the disciple of Emerson, as I penetrated the smoke which ever makes an Indian summer in his apartment.

"This is true poetry!" and he waved triumphantly in the air a leaf torn from the new *Atlantic Monthly*.

The fire in his grate burned low and fitfully; a dim light, mistily transcendental, struggled from the tallow dip, whose snuff had grown long and thick-headed in the rapt inattention of my friend; but on his face the inspiration of a Ralph-Waldo-and-whiskey "half and half" shone like a sunrise.

"Listen," said he, and his voice trembled with emotion as he read:

BRAHMA—BY R. W. EMERSON.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

His voice, freighted with the thought and feeling of the poet's words, lapsed for a moment into silence, and then timidly resumed, as he took from his left hand vest pocket a piece of brown paper, scrawled over with strange, and to me unintelligible, characters.

—"And here is an echo—faint, it is true—but still, I think, an echo to that wondrous throng, reverberating from the craggy heights of my own mind." And his modest words, "Still, I think an echo," seemed to me interwoven with each line he read of the poem, which, unknown to him, I send to you.

MUMBO JUMBO.

Rise, Jupiter, with emerald hair,
And wake the snakes of Thessaly;
Who does not know that pancakes are
Devoured subjectively—and why?

Wise sages, of the olden time,
With introverted vision look;
But, ah! a fip is not a dime,
And for mixed snifters can't be took.

Go, lovers of the sacred Styx,
And grind your laughter into tears;
While plaintive melody of bricks
Floats through the silence of the years.

Ye cannot count me as I run;
I play with stars at pitch and toss;
I am the uncle of the sun,
Half alligator and half hoss.

But shadowed by the ebon rose
That shakes its petals from the sky,
Comes Morpheus, walking on his toes,
And knocks creation into pi!

Here is another and a better parody:

From The Providence